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IDLE FEARS.

BY ALICE CARY.

In my best childhood old folks said to me,
"Now is the time and season for your bliss! Don't
All joy is in the hope of to be a saint!
Not in possession, and in after years
You will look back with longing sighs and tears
To the young days when you from care were free."
It was not true—they said—idle fears—
I never saw so good a day as this!
And youth and I have parted—long ago!
I looked into my glass and saw old days,
A little silver line that told me I was old,
At first I shut my eyes and cried, and then
I hid it under glistening flowers, but when
Persimmon would not make my mate to stay,
I showed my faded head, and said, "Amen!"
And all my peace is since she went away,
My window opens toward the autumn woods.
I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air,
Over the long, level stubble-land that broods
Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting
Summer has gathered her white family
Of shrinking daisies—all the hills are bare,
And in the meadows not a limb of bud!
Through the brown bushes show with any where
Dear, bedadone season, we must say good-by.
And can afford to, we have been so blest,
And know the suit the time—the year—the day
With cloudy skirts composed, and pulled face off
Under the yellow leaves, with touching grace,
So that her bright-haired sweetheart of the sky
The image of her prime may not be lost.
Nor see the pain that underlies her rest,
And all my peace is since she went away.

The Masked Miner.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HAIL," "SILKEN CORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE TOLLS.

For a moment after she was rudely thrust into that dark, gloomy apartment, on that terrible night, Grace Harley tottered and reeled to and fro. Her ankles had been bound together so long, and so tightly had the cords been drawn that her limbs, suddenly freed, failed to support her. She staggered backward, and throwing her tied hands over her head, sank slowly down.
But it seemed that she had reeled over to the side of the room where a sofa was placed; for she felt herself settling down on the soft velvet seat.
As well as she could, she felt around her with her fastened hands; tied so cruelly together, but she durst not leave the friendly sofa. She attempted to tear the bandage from her eyes and the gag from her mouth; but owing to the cramped, confined condition of her hands, and the security with which the gag and the bandage were applied, she could not succeed.
Gradually, as she half-reclined on the soft sofa, and the damp chilliness left her person, under the influence of the warm, genial atmosphere which surrounded her, the girl's scattered reason and dazed faculties of mind slowly returned to her. And then the full horror of the whole terrible transaction flashed over her.
That she was in the hands of some one who exercised a great power she could not doubt—a power to order, and to have those orders obeyed—to command, and to be hearkened to. And that same one, she argued, must indeed be a bold person, who would dare do such a deed in the midst of a large city, and only an hour or so after daylight had fled from that city, full of life, of bustle, of noise, of shouting, of shouting.
Then, rapidly, as she sat there in the terrible silence and gloom, she thought of the prompting motive of this high-handed outrage. Could it be for the sake of money?—of extorting a high reward, by acting, from her father, whom everybody knew to be rich?
No! for whoever planned the outrage and carried it into such successful execution had money to do it with. That could not be the occasion.
And then, slowly, softly, gradually, then like the glittering lightning-flash, a dark, hideous thought leapt into the bosom of Grace Harley, and filled her soul with horror. And then, as wild thoughts fled, like racing phantoms through her bosom, the girl, with a gurgling cry, staggered to her feet and tottered around the room—seeking escape, somewhere—anywhere.
But soon her head came in cruel contact with the hard wall, and she fell almost senseless to the floor.
And there she lay, still and motionless, seeming scarcely to breathe—her frame quivering with convulsive shudders which swept wildly over her, but making no sound, nor striving to rise.
For a long time she lay thus—certainly an hour—uttering no cry—no groan—stirring not hand or foot; but in her soul she was praying earnestly to God for strength and protection.
At length her head came to go entirely away, so motionless she lay, when suddenly there sounded under the grinding crush of carriage-wheels. The vehicle seemed to roll up to the door and pause.
Then came the quick, heavy tread of a man walking, and then the half-conscious girl heard a key grating in the lock; then felt a cold blast from without rush in. This was quickly shut out, and then a heavy tread,



though it gave no sound on the thick carpet, shook the room.
A moment more, and a pale, uncertain glimmer, red and indistinct, fell on her sight, seen through the thick folds of the fillet over her eyes.
"Ah! we have you here at last, Grace Harley! and safely caged!" said a rough, harsh voice. "Well, you have a handsome cage, at all events, as you shall quickly see! Nay, struggle not at all—I will gladly assist you," and the person, as he spoke—it was evidently the tone of a man stepped forward, took her neither rudely nor gently by the arm, and conducted her to the sofa.
"Be seated, and fear not; there—so! Now you are comfortable, I hope.
Listen to me, Grace Harley," continued the man, after a pause, in a deep, discordant voice, not one tone of which the poor girl could recognize; "I have not much time to spend to-night here, for business beckons me hence. But listen. I have followed and tracked you for many months—whether or not you know it, I care not. I have sworn—in another's interest—I would conquer you—or break your heart, Grace Harley! Nay, start not, I am not evil-disposed, nor do you know me. And heed it, my girl; I have never broken an oath, or violated a vow! You are in my power at last—after weeks and months of toil, but, in me, fear nothing. Now, a word of advice to you, fair miss. A friend of mine—one dearer to me than other living man, for he has served me many good turns—loves you—loves you honestly. He is not old or uncomely—and all will be well, if you say yes to his pleading. He has sworn to wed no other woman than you. Be obstinate, and a living death awaits you, for, before you leave this house, you shall promise to be his wife! Nay, nay; start not. Before I go, I will unbind your hands and eyes, and give you, likewise, liberty of speech. But promise me, by nodding your head, that after you are released you will not remove the bandage from your eyes, until you hear the door close."
He paused.
The girl, scarcely breathing, hesitated, and then quietly bowed her head in acquiescence.
"Good!" said the man. "You will find every thing in this room for your comfort, but you will find it, likewise, a perfect cage, from which there is no escape. You are therefore at liberty to make every effort you can at escape, but I would counsel you to be quiet, for those who could hear and aid you are far from here. Be wise, and be patient!—Now your hands are unbound, and I'll bid you adieu for the night."
So saying, the man strode quickly to the door, opened it, and, going out, slammed it to.
In an instant, Grace Harley tore the bandage from her eyes, the gag from her mouth, and, in a half-stupor, gazed at the dazzling splendor of the room in which she was imprisoned.
At that instant the door opened quickly again, and the man, clutching the skirt of his coat—which had caught in the jamb—tore it nearly away.
One quick glance revealed to the poor girl a tall, slender figure, enveloped in a long overcoat, a thick, heavy beard covering the face, and a slouched hat dragged over the eyes.
In an instant, however, the man was gone.
CHAPTER XIII.
UNDER LOCK AND KEY.
OLD BEN WALFORD stood, ready to answer. The old man, though not confused, was rather nervous and out-of-place as he stood there. He cast a deprecating look at

thundered old Ben, again forgetting all restraint, or, indeed, caring nothing for it.
"Silence, old man! Another offense like this, and I'll put you under arrest!" said the alderman, very sternly.
"That will do, Mr. Somerville," he continued, making a gesture for that young gentleman to stand aside.
Then a loud murmur came up from the crowd, and their changed looks showed that however much their sympathies had been with the prisoner, they were certainly different now.
Old Ben Walford seemed bewildered, but, whenever his gaze fell upon the face of his friend, the old man's cheeks and eyes would glow again with an unswerving friendship and devotion.
"Edward Markley!" called out the alderman, consulting the paper before him.
There was a slight stir in the crowd, and a short, stout, master-of-fact, honest-looking, red-faced man, stepped promptly forward, and stood before the alderman.
"That's my name, your honor," he said, as he placed his right hand composedly upon the Testament held out to him.
The requisite oath was soon administered. Every one pressed forward to hear what this witness had to say, for all knew him, and he was everywhere well known.
"What is your occupation?" asked the alderman.
"I am a toll-keeper on the Smithfield street bridge, sir," was the reply given, as if the speaker was proud of his place.
"Which end of the bridge?" asked the alderman.
"The Birmingham side, sir," replied the man.
"Did you see Tom Worth on Tuesday night, the night of the abduction of Miss Harley on Mount Washington?" asked the alderman.
"I did, your honor—twice."
Tom Worth started violently, and gazed hard at the witness, while the same black cloud, mentioned before, passed over his face.
But, the toll-keeper was very calm, and evidently was speaking the truth; he flinched not at all before the lowering gaze of the prisoner.
"Twice?" asked the alderman.
"Twice, your honor," replied the witness.
Tom Worth turned suddenly, and an answer seemed about to spring to his lips; but he controlled himself, and retained a decorous silence.
"Tell me the occasion of your seeing him the first, and then the second time. But, first state whether or not you know the prisoner—know him well enough to swear to his identity?"
"Lord, bless your honor! Know him! Yes, indeed!—and to tell the truth, your honor, I never knew a better man, until this business transpired."
"That has nothing to do with the case! Do not volunteer or give any more opinions, unless asked."
"Beg pardon, your honor," said the witness, deferentially.
"Go on, Mr. Markley, and relate when you first saw the prisoner that Tuesday night," said the alderman.
"Yes, your honor. It was early in the evening—certainly not later than half-past seven o'clock. The prisoner there came across the bridge, and passed in the light of the gas lamp by my toll-office. I saw him distinctly."
"How was he dressed?" asked the alderman.
"In his mining suit, sir—his overcoat buttoned around him."
"Did you speak to him?"
"No, sir; I was engaged at the time, and Tom, coming from the city side, did not stop at all."
"Did you watch him?"
"No, your honor; I had no occasion; besides, my own business was enough for me to attend to."
"Was the prisoner alone?"
"Yes, your honor; I suppose so; though, at first, I thought he was in company with two other miners, who passed just ahead of him, coming likewise from the city side."
"Two others?"
"Yes, sir; miners too; I told them by their dress."
"Did you know these two?"
"I think not, and their faces were turned down the river, your honor; I could not see them."
The alderman pondered for a moment, and then asked:
"Well, the second time: when was it, and under what circumstances did you see the prisoner?"
"It was late in the evening, about half-past eight o'clock, I should judge. An open wagon drove rapidly down the Mount Washington road, and stopped on the bridge to pay toll. The wagon was an open country vehicle, drawn by one horse. In that wagon lay a dark-looking heap; what it was I don't know, but I do know that two men sat on the driving-board of the wagon, and that he who drove was Tom Worth!"
With a half-cry, the prisoner turned toward him, in a mute appeal! But, that witness was an honest fellow; he prided himself especially on that one characteristic, and he would not fly from his position, though a world were in arms against him.
As if in reply to the prisoner's look and appeal, he said, firmly:
"Yes, Tom, it was you, and you know it, for I spoke to you, and asked you where you were going. You replied very roughly, something about your name being in everybody's mouth, and then drove on. To tell you the truth, your honor," said the man, rather familiarly, "this was so unlike Tom Worth, as I know him, that, though against my will, I took it for granted he was a little in liquor."
"That will do, Mr. Markley," said the

alderman, slowly, after a long pause, during which an almost perfect silence was preserved in the crowded room.

And then ensued a low, continued buzz throughout the apartment, as the alderman, consulting several memorandums he had made during the progress of the testimony, seemed lost in thought.

Some five or ten minutes elapsed, and then, slowly straightening himself back in his chair, the alderman said, in a clear, distinct voice:

"I have heard all, prisoner, that thus far could be said in your favor, and all that up to this stage of proceedings could be said against you. I will not conceal it that the case looks black against you; yet, I know well of your uniform good standing and reputation, and I have already received from your employers letters showing their implicit confidence in you."

"God bless them!" murmured the prisoner, deeply.

"Nevertheless," continued the alderman, "as the case stands, and on the testimony elicited against you, I must commit, or release you on bail."

"And how much, your honor?" suddenly asked old Ben Walford, striding forward.

"Two thousand dollars," said the alderman, after a little reflection and deliberation. "Oh, God! I haven't that much, your honor," exclaimed old Ben; "but, but, sir, I have one thousand! Take that, sir, and I'll go to jail in his place for the rest! Only don't send him, your honor, he's too young—he's too good!"

"Enough, enough, my good man!" said the alderman, evidently moved, as was every one present, save Fairlight Somerville. "I can not accept such bail, though."

"Then you can accept mine, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer of the Black Diamond mine, in a clear voice, promptly stepping forward. "I am worth, sir, ten thousand dollars, good money; I'll go Tom Worth's bail, even for the whole amount!"

A half-cheer followed this declaration.

"I will do, sir," he accepted you as the prisoner's bail," said the alderman, as if he was truly glad bail had been found. As he was about to draw the papers toward him, Tom Worth, with a terrible burning in his eyes, exclaimed, suddenly:

"No! no! your honor! I will not have it thus, though I am deeply grateful to my friends for their kindness and you, your honor, for your leniency. But, I'll go to jail, and I'll stand my trial! And, at some future day, I'll unmask villainy! I am determined!"

No arguments could persuade the prisoner to alter his determination, though old Ben, in his frenzy and bewilderment, came near chastising him.

And then Tom Worth was regularly committed, and led to the van.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

The Ace of Spades: IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

It was on the morning preceding the night that these events transpired, that Curly Rocks had the interview with the mysterious Mr. A. B., that ended with his departing with that gentleman and Cranston, the detective, to visit the person who could give the information relative to the lost child.

While the three are on their way to the house of Patsy Duke, in Fortieth street, for that celebrated hostelry, known to the public as the "Dew Drop," and to the police as "Duke's Crib," was the destination to which Curly was conducting the two gentlemen—we will visit Iola in her prison, in that same house, to which she had been consigned by English Bill.

Iola had passed a sleepless night. Early in the morning Bill brought in a large stone pitcher of water and a small loaf of bread, "prison fare," as the ruffian observed with a grin.

Iola, after Bill had departed, did not hesitate to partake of the simple fare. She was determined to escape, and she knew that she needed strength for the attempt and fasting was not the way to gain it.

The girl carefully examined her prison. The room was partially lighted by the heart-shaped holes in the shutters. Iola tried the windows but they were securely nailed down. Then she examined the door. The lock was fitted in the wood, and there was no chance to pry back the bolt, even if she had had the necessary tools for such an attempt.

The heart of the girl sunk within her as she saw how securely she was fastened in her prison.

Last of all, Iola examined the little closet. And as she stood in the closet doorway, gazing at the white wall before her, the thought suddenly occurred to the girl, that if the room adjoining the closet was empty, she might tunnel a hole through the wall of the closet—which was in all probability but a mere partition of lath and plaster—and, by that means, penetrate to the other room. Probably from that room she could get into the entry and so escape from the house.

But the first thing was to ascertain if the front room was empty. So Iola rapped loudly on the partition. No answer came; nor could the girl, listening intently with her ear close to the wall, hear any one moving in the room adjoining the closet.

Iola was satisfied that the room was empty.

The next movement on the part of the girl was to find some instrument by means of which she might displace the plaster of the wall.

Hastily she searched for the means of freedom. Fortune aided Iola, for in a corner of the drawer of the table, she found an old and rusty knife-blade. No girl deep in love ever clutched the first letter from the loved one with more eagerness than Iola seized upon the old knife-blade.

With the knife-blade Iola commenced to pick away the plaster, and as each little piece fell to the floor, she thought she was so much nearer freedom.

Iola listened intently while she worked, so that she should not be surprised at her labor by her jailers. But no footsteps rung through the passage-way, and at last the point of the knife glided through the partition without meeting with any impediment.

As the girl had thought, the partition was quite a slight one.

Through the little hole made by the knife-blade in the wall, Iola could look into the adjoining room. It was an apartment about the same size as the one that served for her prison, but unlike that one, it was bare of furniture, and the windows, which were without shutters, let in the light freely. Evidently the room was unoccupied.

Iola's heart beat gladly when she made the discovery. Escape now seemed certain.

Then a sudden thought came to the mind of the imprisoned girl. To pass now in broad daylight through the entry, and out of the house without being seen, would be difficult, if not impossible. But if she should wait until it was dark, in the darkness she could escape.

These thoughts passed rapidly through Iola's brain. So she determined to wait until nightfall before she made the attempt to escape.

She carefully picked up from the floor of the closet the pieces of plaster that she had extracted with the knife from the wall, and hid them in the stove. Then she hung her cloak upon a nail in the closet, and the garment concealed the hole she had made in the wall.

Having nothing else to do, Iola sat down by the table to await the approach of darkness, that was so many hours away.

In Iola's thoughts one face, one form, alone was present, and the long hours passed swiftly away, while she sat and thought of the man who was all in all to her in this world.

Iola was startled from her reverie by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, and approaching the door of her room, but the footsteps did not pause there but went by, and apparently entered the room that the closet adjoined.

The girl, with one of those sudden thoughts that sometimes flash across the mind, determined to see who these men were. She knew that by the aid of the hole she had made with the knife in the closet wall, she could easily look into the other room and not only see but hear.

She had a fancy that possibly she might learn something that might assist her in escaping from the hands of English Bill.

So Iola sprang to the closet and, lifting up the cloak looked through the hole in the plaster into the other room.

Leaving Iola at her post of observation, we will return to Curly Rocks and the two gentlemen that he was conducting.

The party had taken a second avenue car and got off at Fortieth street.

Curly conducted the two to the saloon known as the "Dew Drop."

In the saloon, Curly introduced English Bill to them as the party who could give them the information that they desired.

"Hain't you got an empty room, Biddy, where I can take the two gents for to talk over a little business?" asked Bill of Patsy Duke's better half.

"Yes, the front wan, shure; up wan flight, beyant the wan where the girl is," answered the lady, who was a stout, Irish-born dame.

"Just follow me, gents," said Bill, leading the way up stairs. Brown and the detective followed, while Curly Rocks brought up the rear.

When they were in the room, and the door was closed behind them—the room was a large unfurnished apartment—Bill began the interview.

"I believe, one of you gents wants a little information 'bout a lost child?"

"Yes," responded Brown, "I am that person."

"Well, now to have the matter all straight, let's see if you mean the same baby that I does," said Bill.

"Certainly," replied Brown.

"This baby was a girl 'bout a year old. In 1852 a feller wot was carrying her under his cloak along Thirtieth street, got hit in the head with a slung-shot—knocked down, and the baby taken away from him."

"The baby had on the left shoulder an Ace of Spades, just about the same size as the one in a pack of cards."

"Yes, that is the child whose fate I wish to know," said Brown.

"Well, now," said Bill, slowly, "I'm the only man that knows any thing 'bout this here baby, an' what's come of her; but

in the first place, I wants a little information."

"Indeed!" said Brown, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, an' if I don't get my information, I don't think you'll get any—or at least not out of me," replied Bill, doggedly.

"What is it you wish to know?" asked Brown.

"In the first place, the name of the child; in the second place, the names of her father and mother," responded the rough.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

For a moment Brown did not reply to this rather insulting demand. He seemed to be thinking the matter over. At last he spoke:

"Though I question your right to ask this, yet I will answer you: I do not know the name of the child, nor the name of its father!"

"What?" cried Bill, in astonishment, while Cranston, the detective, laughed in his sleeve, and mentally pronounced Mr. Brown to be fully a match for the grasping rough.

"The child is the child of shame," continued Brown, coldly; "its father never owned it, and its mother died on the very night that the child was lost."

"Why are you so anxious 'bout the affair, then?" asked Bill, considerably disappointed at the intelligence he had received.

"I am a relative of the mother," said Brown.

"Oh, then the child ain't a heir?"

"No."

"I s'pose you wouldn't give a hundred dollars for the child?" said Bill.

"No."

"Well, that settles the matter," and Bill looked decidedly disappointed.

"Will you give me the information?"

"For twenty-five dollars I'll tell you all I knows 'bout it," said the rough.

"Can I trust you?" asked Brown, looking at him searchingly.

"Just you ask Dick Cranston!" said Bill, indignantly, pointing to the detective.

Curly Rocks, who knew the name but not the man, now understood how Mr. Smith knew him so well, and wondered at his own stupidity in not guessing him to be a detective.

"Why, you remember me, Bill, eh?" said Cranston.

"Oh, I never forgets gents in your line of business," said Bill, with a grin.

"I think Bill's square if he says so," observed the detective.

"You bet!" responded the rough.

"Here are the twenty-five dollars. Now give me the particulars," Brown said, handing the money to Bill.

"All right!" said Bill, pocketing the money. "I'm a gent when I'm treated like one. Now first an' foremost, I was one on the fellers mixed up in the affair on Thirtieth street. After I got hold of the baby, I thought as how I would keep it until a reward was offered, an' then I'd bring it forward an' get the reward. Well, I held on to the baby 'bout a week an' no reward was offered, so I thought I'd get rid on it, an' sell it to Irish Molly to go a-beggin' with."

"You see I took the baby home, to my wife—she were in the the-a-ter-line, an' a blasted sight too good for me. We had a kid of our own, just about the same age as the strange baby. Well, my wife took an awful fancy to the child, an' wanted me to adopt it, but, in course, I couldn't see any of that gammon, 'cos when I wanted to wallop my wife, then she'd go for the baby an' hold it up to keep me away; an' I knew that if she got two kids, I'd never have a chance to give her a decent flogging. Well, the very day I were a-goin' to sell the child to Molly, I got into a fuss with a cove an' got locked up for a week. When I come out, the little beggar that I picked up in Thirtieth street was dead an' buried. You see, I s'pose the little baby caught cold in the rain."

"Have you any notice of the death of the child?" asked Brown.

"Why, what an awful man you are, to convince!" exclaimed Bill, in disgust.

"But I have got a notice. My old woman had a regular funeral with a hack for the baby. She called it Lella Thompson, 'cos we didn't know what its name was—my old woman was awful arter names. She called our own kid Iola—an' in course the baby had to have a name. Here's the notice from the Sun, and Bill took a scrap of paper, yellow with age, from his pocket-book.

The notice read:

"Thompson—Suddenly on Tuesday, Oct. 2d, Lella, infant daughter of William and Iola Thompson, aged one year."

"You see my woman wrote it 'adopted daughter,' but it got changed," said Bill.

"I am fully satisfied," said Brown, "but now let me ask you a question."

"Certainly," said Bill.

"As this child is dead, why were you so anxious to know if the girl was an heir?"

Bill's face was covered by a broad grin.

"You see," he said, "I don't mind telling you, since it won't work. I thought that if the girl was an heir, why I might bring my girl, Iola, forward and swear that she was the baby that I picked up, an' make a strike on it. Don't you see?"

Mr. Brown did see, and he could not help admiring the shrewd device of the ruffian.

"How would you have got over the shoulder-mark, Bill?" asked Cranston.

"Well, I guess I could put an 'Ace of Spades' on some way, if I had to stamp it out with a brand," said the brutal ruffian.

Having gained the information that they were in search of, Brown and the detective left the house, while Bill and Curly again entered the saloon.

"Well, that settles the fate of the child," said Cranston, as he and Brown walked up Fortieth street.

"Yes; there isn't any doubt about the matter. The child is dead, and the father shall know it before the night is over!" There was a tone of fierce joy in the voice of the speaker as he spoke.

"It was a good deal of trouble, but you run the scent to earth at last," said Cranston.

"Yes, and to-night my vengeance begins!"

Cranston looked at the speaker, and thought to himself that he shouldn't like to have this mysterious Mr. Brown for a foe.

In detailing these events, we have gone back a little in our story, as this interview took place in the forenoon, while the adventures of the "Marquis," on the pier that we have previously detailed, happened in the night of the same day. Having filled up the slight gap in our narrative, we will return to the "Marquis," and explain how he had escaped death, when he sought refuge from the assault of the roughs in the waters of the East river, for the "Marquis" had escaped.

Catterton knew fully what he was about when he leaped into the river. He was a capital swimmer, and upon striking the water, he let the tide carry him to where it swept in a little eddy around the corner of the pier. Once around the corner and in under the pier, holding on to one of the splices that supported it, he was fully concealed from sight and could hear the roughs above him debating as to his fate.

He heard them plainly when they retired from the pier. Then he left his hiding-place and swam gently along the side of the dock till he came to where a little flight of wooden steps led down into the water. These he mounted carefully, not knowing but that some one of the ruffians might be still lurking in the neighborhood.

With the water dripping from his garments in little rivulets, the "Marquis" stepped from the stairway upon the pier. A man came toward him from out of the gloom of the night.

"Discovered, by Jove!" cried Catterton, between his teeth.

The man came straight to him, and to the delight of the "Marquis," he discovered that the stranger was Jim.

"Here you hall right!" asked Jim, eagerly.

"Yes, thanks to the water," replied the "Marquis."

"I saw them blasted roughs make a rush for you, but I knew that hif you wanted me, why you'd call; so I just stole quietly behind 'em. I heard the splash when you jumped into the water. I knew that you could swim like a duck and that you were hall right. So I've just been scouting 'round 'ere for to 'elp you when you came hout, you know."

"It was a trap, Jim, as I feared," said Catterton.

"Hand you're no wiser than you were before," said Jim, "but I'll tell you, you're a good deal better go 'ome. You're hall wet, said Jim."

"Yes, for I can do nothing to-night."

So the "Marquis" and Jim proceeded at once to the room of the former on Broadway.

They reached the room about ten o'clock.

When the "Marquis" lighted the gas, Jim saw a letter on the floor that had evidently been pushed in under the door. He picked it up and saw that it was directed to Daniel Catterton.

"Ere's a letter for you, 'Marquis,'" said Jim.

Catterton was busy getting into dry clothes.

"I'll look at it in a moment," he said.

When Catterton had finished dressing, he opened the letter. It was from Loyal Tremaine—Catterton had given Tremaine his address the morning he had received the check from him—and it contained an urgent request that he—Catterton—should call upon the writer the moment he received the message, even if it were at midnight.

The "Marquis" read the letter aloud.

"What the deuce can he want, you know?" said Jim, in astonishment.

"I can hardly guess," returned Catterton, evasively.

"Perhaps he wants the thousand back?" suggested Jim.

"No, I do not think that is likely," replied the "Marquis" with quite a cloud upon his brow. "But I will go at once and see what he does want. Remain here, Jim, until I return."

Then the "Marquis" descended the stairs to Broadway, jumped into an omnibus, and was soon rolling on his way uptown.

"There is but one thing that I can guess of in the world, that would make him send such an urgent message to me. How

could Tremaine discover it? No, it is impossible! I am the only one living that holds the secret," muttered the "Marquis," lost in thought as he proceeded up-town.

In due time Catterton rung the bell of the Tremaine mansion, and on making known who he was, he was at once ushered into the library, where sat Loyal Tremaine.

Tremaine looked pale and anxious. Hardly returning the greeting of the young man, he put a letter into his hands and bade him read it.

The contents of the letter astonished the "Marquis," for it referred to that secret, that he supposed he alone held, and not one syllable of which had he ever breathed to mortal soul.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Tremaine, evidently deeply concerned.

"It is all true, sir," returned Catterton, slowly; "but that the secret is known, I would rather have had my tongue torn out by the roots than have betrayed my share in it. But now, sir, you shall know all!" and briefly the "Marquis" related to Loyal Tremaine a strange story.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Tremaine, in joy, when Catterton had finished. "Oh! what a load you have taken off my mind."

"Can you forgive my deception?" asked the "Marquis," feeling that he had wronged the man before him, though the holiest love on earth had urged that wrong.

"Yes! a thousand times, yes!" cried Tremaine. "Your deception will now bring joy to three hearts that I thought were doomed to be wretched forever."

"I can not understand how this man who wrote this letter can have gained this knowledge, which I believed was possessed by myself alone," said Catterton, in wonder.

"It is strange," responded Tremaine, thoughtfully. "He says in this note that he will call upon me to-morrow afternoon at two, to prove that he has written nothing but the truth. Suppose you come at the same hour; then you can confront this man."

"Very well, sir, I will," answered Catterton.

"I have great cause for joy, and yet some cause for sorrow, but it can not be altered now; perhaps it is all for the best."

"I hope so, sir," said the "Marquis" as he took his departure.

When the "Marquis" gained the street, his brain was in a whirl with the busy thoughts that filled it.

"I'll walk down; the night-air will cool my head," he said, as he took his way down the avenue.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 9.)

After Many Years.

BY J. GUILLAUME LA ROE, JR.

A HUNDRED times that day—notwithstanding that she had plenty of housework to do—Miss Betty Davis flew to the window to watch that "burglar" across the road, who had been lurking in the neighborhood.

She had seen a trunk deposited at the house opposite, early in the morning, followed by a dark-looking man, evidently its owner.

There was nothing so alarming in all this, for Betty knew that the Mains kept city boarders during the summer season, which was now at its height.

But this dark-looking man had been sitting by the window and watching Betty's house ever since his arrival, until that lady had become quite nervous.

"Sure as you live, Tom," she said, stroking the back of her sole companion, a big black cat, who sat in the window, and looked up at her knowingly—"Sure as you live, Tom, he's an ugly city burglar. There, I've caught his eye again, and he's conscious of his guilt, for he turned them just straight away. Yes, Tom, he's sitting there and taking the dimensions of this house, and seeing which way is the best to get in. Yes, Tom, I have the worst of fears, for as sure as you're listening to me, he has designs on the inhabitants of this house; and overcome with this last thought, she sunk into a chair."

As she and Tom were the only occupants of the one-story white cottage, she fully realized her danger as she strove to think of the burglar's plans.

"But then, Tom," she said, after awhile, starting up, "we may escape, for of course there's my china, and watch to steal first. Anyway, if that's his game I'll give him a hunt for them," and suiting the action to the word, she ran toward the closet where all her valuables were kept.

Taking her old-fashioned gold watch and locket out of the broken sugar-bowl—having first got a small tub to put them in—she also took her old china, and having placed them all together, she slipped them under her bed.

Then with a superior smile she took a seat, saying:

"Yes, Tom, we've outwitted that burglar, sure as you live. Mr. Burglar, you can't have it as easy as you think you will, and these last words found her at the window again."

She was the least little bit disappointed at not seeing him at the window—for the withering look she had given for his benefit, turned into spite, as she said:

"He's just gone in, thinking to avoid suspicion, Tom. But, Lor, as if we could not see through his plans. He knows

about how every thing is situated by looking us through and through all day."

Then she thought of the sweeping to be done before tea-time—no matter if there was murder to be done that night. Having got the broom she proceeded to sweep, and continued her soliloquy at the same time.

"Oh, my, why didn't I think of it before?—there's Dorothy Ann coming with those eggs to-night. She'll be glad enough to stay with me all night; so if I'm murdered she can be a witness," and Betty was so thankful for this timely visit of Dorothy Ann's that she finished her sweeping with a lightened heart.

She had hardly done so when a knock came to her door, and with her heart up in her mouth (she had looked at the "burglar's" window and found it deserted) and the broomstick ready to strike, she exclaimed, faintly:

"Come in!"

Much to her relief Dorothy Ann and a basket of eggs made their appearance. In answer to her visitor's "good-afternoon" she merely motioned her to a seat—the revulsion of feeling chaining her tongue.

After awhile she managed to ask Dorothy Ann if she would stay all night—and only too glad, the latter announced her acceptance of the invitation, by taking off her hood, as she had often done before.

Then Betty proceeded to tell her story, by way of letting Dorothy Ann know what she might expect before morning.

Though a little shocked, the phlegmatic Dorothy Ann finished taking off her things, thereby giving her consent to stay.

It was now late in the afternoon, so they commenced preparations for an early tea, and when they had finished they commenced their meal.

I suppose, by this time, my reader has a poor opinion of my heroine. Let me hasten to undeceive you.

She was not, as you may suppose, a tall, sallow-complexioned, long-nosed and vinegar-tempered woman. On the contrary, she was short and stout, with dark-brown hair and blue eyes, (both faded, to be sure, but there nevertheless), and a benevolent way about her, as many of the poor villagers could testify. As to her age, she was only thirty-two—very old no doubt to your romantic school-girl, but not so old after all.

Of course she had her enemies, though for that matter they amounted to but a few envious old maids—for Milton had more than his share in that respect.

As to her talking to Tom, I can only say that to her solitary life and woman's natural love of tongue, no matter to whom addressed!

I, who am her biographer, could tell you of her love affair—long ago. She had her dreams, as all of us have had, or will have, though few, if any, in the village suspected that she had loved and suffered. A few stray trinkets, and the secret in her heart, alone remained—that was all.

Meanwhile the lady whom I have been trying to redeem in your eyes, has eaten her supper, and of course the few dishes must be washed.

It is growing dark fast, and pushing the table toward the window—for the double purpose of watching the "city burglar" (every one from the city is a burglar you know!) and catching the falling light—Betty and Dorothy Ann finished their work.

"I shouldn't wonder but he's forgot his supper," Dorothy Ann. "They do, you know, when they've got a case on hand," and Betty washed the dishes with a knowing look.

Dorothy Ann said nothing to this revelation, only she wished in her heart that she hadn't come. It is not the most comfortable thing in the world, as you might guess, this "waiting for the slaughter!"

At any rate Dorothy Ann declared, as the night came down dark and threatening, that she "felt awful nervous like." As for Betty she said:

"I wouldn't have bothered you to stay, Dorothy Ann, only I don't want to be murdered without a witness. But perhaps it won't be as bad as that—for of course we'll only be in the way if we resist, which I don't intend to do. He's welcome to all my valuables, if he'd only leave us alone."

So the night grew on, until their usual bedtime. Still they sat and talked.

He'll most likely come through the back window, Dorothy Ann, and it won't be any harm you know to put a light there. Perhaps it might be the means of keeping him away," and filled with this new idea she took the lamp off the table and put it in the window.

"Wonder I hadn't thought of it before; but, Lor, don't go to sleep, Dorothy Ann, and leave me to watch alone." Betty vigorously shook her companion's drooping figure.

"Lor, Miss Betty, they hasn't come, them our burglars, has they?" and Dorothy asked this question with a bewildered stare.

"Not just yet, but we may expect them any minute now," and Betty looked at the old-fashioned clock in the corner. It was the hour when

"Churchyards yawl," and Betty said, "And graves give up their dead."

Involuntarily Betty repeated these lines, and shivered as she did so.

Thus the night slowly passed, Dorothy Ann taking quite a comfortable nap between each of the wakeful Betty's nudges.

At last morning broke, still no murder had been done. Instead, the rising sun looked in, upon two haggard-looking females, one of whom was the least little bit disappointed.

"But he'll come to-night, sure, Dorothy Ann, for he'll be bolder. How fortunate that I put the light in the window—of course that did all the good in the world," and fully conscious of having performed a great feat in the way of strategy, Betty proceeded, with Dorothy Ann's help, to get breakfast.

After breakfast Betty went to the window, for the first time, and was not at all disappointed in seeing the "burglar" there.

"Just as I expected, Dorothy Ann—he's in for another day, as sure as you live," and she gave a harsh look across the road, to where the "burglar" sat. Unfortunately he was too far away to notice it at all, and thinking of this the next minute she retreated to her seat.

At about nine o'clock her watching was rewarded by seeing Samantha Green—the most bitter old maid in the village, and one of Betty's warmest enemies—enter the Mains' house.

"Well, if there ain't Samantha going in, Dorothy Ann. She'd be willing to put up with even a city burglar, she's so desperate," and Betty said this with your true womanly spite—you will observe that my heroine is not perfect—as she moved toward the window.

Then, as a brilliant idea entered her brain, she said:

"By the way, Dorothy Ann, I promised to take Mrs. Mains some butter this morning, and why not go now? I'll have a chance besides to see what she's after, and to let the burglar know we can fathom his design—we ain't green if we are, country folks," and with this last observation, Betty put on her hood, and going into the store-room, returned the next minute with a tin pail filled with butter.

"I'll only be gone a minute, Dorothy Ann, so don't be alarmed," she said, as she went through the little hall. Then, the next minute, she reached the road and prepared to cross.

Looking up, at the window she saw vacancy.

"I might have known he'd fly—a guilty conscience needs no accusing. But he can't be gone out of the house, so I'll hunt him up," and with this determination she proceeded to mount the front stoop.

As she did so, a man's form suddenly darted from the door toward her. She looked up.

"Betty!"

"George!"

And in these exclamations two old lovers recognized each other. Then Betty remembered that they were out on the road, with Samantha Green, no doubt, looking at her. So gently unclasping the hand around her waist, she made for her own house, followed by her companion.

They found Dorothy Ann awaiting, and Betty, in her happiness, would have given a few words of explanation, but, with a woman's tact, Dorothy Ann had guessed the state of affairs, so she went up-stairs.

Then the lovers found themselves alone, and of course explanations ensued on both sides.

Of course George Ellis was the hero of Betty's love affair, which you wot of.

It was the same old story of youthful lovers and objecting father. George was poor, and consequently Squire Martin, who had higher ideas for his daughter, gave a stern "No" to his request for his daughter's hand.

Then George had gone off "to seek his fortune," as your lover is apt to do when he is poor, and earnest in his resolves, and when the heart left behind him promises to be true to him forever.

Then in the natural course of events, the old squire died, leaving Betty with less money than he had hoped to.

Soon afterward she had moved to her present home—meanwhile not a word had she heard from George.

As for him, he had been searching diligently for her and he was rewarded at last.

After all had been explained, they looked full at each other, and—spite the fact that they were past being called "young lovers"—they looked handsome.

George had gone away a beardless youth, and now came back bronzed and black-bearded—in the glory of real manhood.

As for Betty, love-light shone in her eyes, and her cheeks were red. George declaring she looked more beautiful than ever.

After all, love is a great rejuvenator, and looking at Betty now, one would have judged her to be at least ten years younger than she was.

"And the sequel to all this was a private wedding, which set the whole village agog with talking—though they never guessed this was the happiness that came 'After Many Years.'"

The Unknown Bride.

BY J. EDGAR LILFE.

Sister June hummed portions of airs one moment, then the next she viewed her work in artistic attitudes. She had thrown wide the parlor door, and raised high the window-sash, to give free access to the coolness of the spring morning. I leaned idly upon the window-sill and watched her as she busily worked away unconscious of my presence.

She was dusting the stiff-backed furniture with a worn duster—we were not "rich," in a popular sense of the word—

she had arranged the gilded toys, said to have been hereditary Christmas gifts for years innumerable, and comprising sober-looking dogs, frisky-appearing lambs, a China cup, which said, "Remember, the giver," with accompanying saucer, and many others, upon the mantel-piece in a manner most flattering to her taste; she placed early flowers in a vase upon the stand, had hung the canary—pardon, June, the cage—under the leafless but budding maple, and, in fine, sister had thrown out many proofs to me that spring had come, and that a visitor was expected.

Perhaps I would not have been aware of the existence of the above-named season, but for the manipulations of my sister, so far had drifted and tossed my soul upon the treacherous billows of love. If I appeared sad that morning, I do not wonder at it now; it is natural for a youth to feel mournful when it seems he loves in vain, and I extended that passion with no heart-bounding effect, I am perfectly confident.

But I am laying no foundation for my story; a poor builder am I.

Some villages have pretty names, which suggest, tall, umbrageous trees; cool, delightful walks; neat, pleasant homes; quiet, happy, peaceful life; always that indescribable Sunday stillness and sweetness; forever an influence of an earthly heaven, and so on; but the appellation of our home was neither euphonious, nor suggestive of pleasant things. Roughton, if any thing, aided the imagination in picturing a little dusty, dirty town, full of mischievous and saucy urchins; jostling with dogs and cows; life with jolking, whittling loafers, and far from abounding with bright-eyed and rose-flushed maidens.

Roughton, to desert fancies and to approach facts, really could boast of a half-dozen sweet-faced girls. These were not all sufficiently beautiful to become the heroines of novels, yet there was one whom I believed the angels above could not have surpassed in grace, purity and amiableness. Genie Merle, who lived upon a hill overlooking Roughton, in a mansion that dazzled the villagers' covetous gaze, and caused me to regard my father's house as a mere hovel, was the object of my love. Not my first love. No; young as I was, I had felt the power before. Mary Hall, whose home was no better than my own, once returned a tender feeling I had offered her; there was happiness between us then; but, Miss Merle came, I saw her, loved her, and—with shame I confess it—deserted the one I had promised to protect.

Genie, though a queen among the others, mingled with the Roughton maidens to the surprise of myself, and to that of persons equally foolish.

She often came to see June, very often; but her visits were no more frequent than sister's were to her home of splendor. The friendship that sprang up between the two struck me favorably; June would and could now assist me.

Now I am back again to the starting-point.

"June!" I exclaimed, as she gave a finishing touch to a chair which had quietly submitted to her thrashing for some time.

"Well—why, Frank, how you frightened me! Be careful out there or you'll crush my flowers. They are under your feet!" This she said, turning upon me, with a blush that made it evident that some one, in nowise related to me, was upon her mind. I leaned far in the window, and said, playfully:

"Ah, June, your face tells the tale! He—that is, Harry—makes you a visit to-day, eh? Don't blush so; please now!"

Her cheeks fairly burned, and she came toward me confusedly; yet I saw that there was reproach for me hidden in her brown eyes, though of what nature I little expected.

"Frank," she said, placing her hands upon my shoulders and looking straight in my face, until I felt I was very red, "Frank Minton, little did I think such of you! What I have heard makes me feel sad; and how she feels, no one but herself can form any idea."

"Pshaw!" I replied, dropping my eyes to the ground, unable to answer her with anything more definite.

"She was here last evening, and confessed to me how—"

"Who—who was here?" I broke forth, demolishing a cluster of cowslips with my heel. "You talk dead language to me, June. Indeed, upon my word, you do, June."

"Mary Hall was here, Frank Minton, last evening, and dead language or no, she cried, as if her poor little heart would break. She said she was sorry you had grown tired of her—sorry another had come between you two—it made her want to lie down and die to think that she was loved, and does yet love, you in vain."

I tried to get angry then, and let June know that she was meddling with another's business; but she always could manage me just as she wished, and this time I was doomed to hear all she felt disposed to heap upon my head. She held my arms, and continued in a soothing voice, unnatural to her:

"I know, too, whom you now love, and am equally confident that you love in vain. You have made a great mistake in turning from Mary Hall, the poor girl, to Genie Merle, an heiress. Did the thought of riches make a—"

"Never!" I groaned, dropping my head upon the sill. "Twas not her wealth—oh, June, I am not the only one who

adores Genie! It is too late to repair now. I can win her—I love her to madness, and can win her. I know I can."

"I expected as much from you, Frank. Boys are so silly. But here comes Genie now. She is to be here all day, and you had better remain from her sight if you wish to escape her witty and cutting words."

I raised my head and saw Miss Merle, like a gay and beautiful butterfly, coming up the path. I walked moodily away, nodding to her and receiving a smiling answer.

Fortunately, Roughton had no "dark and rapid river" into which I could fling my miserable self, for "sweet revenge." There was no avenue for suicide, unless I should mount the housetop and make a desperate leap into the kitchen-garden. There was nothing to do but to hasten to some secluded spot, in some somber wood, and there pace the ground all day long, toss my hair in a frenzy, and vow to do some awful deed.

Having read Shakespeare, it was no difficult matter for me, that day, to fill the woods with appropriate quotations.

When the sun had drawn in his last shining ray I turned my face homeward. Whom should I meet upon the road but my sister and Miss Genie, laughing and chatting gayly.

"Oh, Frank," cried Genie, as she spied me, "we were just wishing for your presence. We are to have a picnic in May—a grand, not old-fashioned picnic—and you must favor us with your company."

I thought she spoke to me rather familiarly. Her eyes, as I looked down in them, made my heart flutter with hope. June averted her face; I saw she was smiling roguishly.

"Miss Merle," I ventured, "should I favor your party with my company, you must in return grant me a privilege."

"Please name it," she laughed, tossing her curls.

"Give me the right to be your escort to and from the grove."

"Agreed," she replied, sweetly; then bowing to me, she and June departed, arms entwining each other's form.

May came, and with it our picnic-day. Miss Merle asked me where my buggy was when I walked up the drive. I reddened and stammered something that neither she nor I could comprehend. I had not thought of a conveyance; nor could I have procured a suitable one, being poor.

"I could not think of walking, Frank," she said, as I sat down on the stone steps to rest from my exertions. "I am sorry—extremely so—that you forgot a vehicle. However, we shall not be surpassed by any of the others. Just you run and have our finest equipage brought out, Frank."

What a shock this was to me—me, who had bestowed worlds of pains upon boots, hair and clothes, and who had thought Roughton could furnish no better, finer-looking partner for Miss Genie than myself. Laboring under a severe attack of discomfiture, I hastily repaired to the stable, where she had requested me to order the "finest equipage."

It was more than fine to my eyes, that light, fairy vehicle with a pair of dancing ponies. Genie drove, and, in the romance phraseology, "on, on, up, up we went!"

High on a hill the youth of Roughton had gathered under the shade of a pretty grove. White, fluttering dresses, broad straw hats, here a pretty face, there a beautiful tide of rippling hair, again an interesting visage, a predominance of tempting lips, and you have the female portion of us "picnickers." Of the opposite sex you need I speak? You can not make a doubt as to the handsome appearance it always shows. Those of the boys who were not attractive and irresistible, certainly thought, as I knew, they were, and that invariably helps the matter, you know. When June saw us coming in our magnificent chariot, she uttered a cry of surprise, and afterward took me aside to propound the question:

"Where in the land did you get so much money, Frank? How could you afford to hire such a costly carriage?"

I said there was no need she should interrogate me thus. Neither must she mention such a subject to Genie. (Hein!)

Genie seemed desirous of strolling away with sister and that—that Mary Hall; so I let her go, and took a stroll myself, in another direction. In the very face of my blunder I felt assured that Miss Merle loved me—else why didn't she get mad when I came after her, minus a buggy? Yes, why didn't she? Because she held me dear to her heart! Thus I questioned and thus I answered over and over again, as I trod the woodland sward.

I sat down upon a shadowed slope and tried the force of those little imaginative buildings, which seem to be quite original with a lover in hope. Some one stepped beside me and placed a small hand upon my arm. I blushed.

Genie stood over me and began to sit down near me.

"Mr. Frank," she said, softly, "why did you leave me? Have you tired of me so soon?"

What questions! How I sighed, and pulled grass unconsciously with my fingers? Was I tired of her so soon? Here was proof that I was loved, as well as an opportunity to confess my wild passion. Though I thought I heard girlish laughter behind us, and believed the beauty at my side was doing her utmost to keep from

bursting into a laugh, I confessed then and there and put my arm around her.

"Who's that laughing, my Genie, behind us?" I asked, as she rested her head upon my shoulder, and as I heard another noise of giggling maidens. Genie turned her face away, and replied, in an unnatural tone:

"Nothing—but the leaves, I think."

When we took a walk, when we rode homeward in the pale but pleasant evening, when I parted from her at her father's door, and even in my dreams that night, I perceived a merry twinkle in her eyes which I could not understand.

Genie would not allow me to call upon her. She pleaded that her parents would not approve of it. So we used to meet at our house, at which place we set the marriage in December. She often talked about Mary Hall growing so much prettier every day, and never tired of asking me if I did not pity the poor girl; a tender point, indeed, to me.

December came, as did the winds that have a habit of shrieking down the gaping chimney, and the snow, and a season of sleighing. Insupportable time brought the night upon which Genie and I were to be married.

We had it all planned, June having assisted. Genie was to come down to our house; while I was to procure a sleigh and horse, for the apparent purpose of taking the two out riding. We were to visit a minister's house, near the edge of the village, where the clandestine affair was to terminate with wedlock.

The night of coldness and blustering was flattered by the radiance of a moon high up on the canopy. Bells jingled in Roughton in the very teeth of the cutting wind, however, and merry parties dashed down the road not unfrequently.

When I drove up before our door, two figures came out of the house, both muffled to the eyes with heavy shawls, which prevented me from seeing their faces.

"Frank," said June, one of the twain, in a low voice, "we are ready—help Genie in—how cold it is."

A touch of merriment in June's tone and a sad appearance enveloping Genie made me feel indescribably queer. I noticed my loved one faltered in the act of getting within the vehicle, and that June whispered in her ear, and gently pushed her forward. We started, gayly, for a "ride."

"How large Genie seems to-night," I said, when we had left the village behind, looking in the more than half-concealed face at my side. "And—" here I took a curt, that rested upon her shoulder, in my hand, feeling astonished at its color—it was not like Genie's!

"Frank," cried June, grasping my wrist, "are you crazed? In another moment we will be dashed to pieces!"

I sprang to my feet, and barely succeeded in preventing the sleigh from going over an embankment.

At June's order I turned the horses' heads and drove toward the minister's house. Genie had not uttered a word, nor did she during our drive to the clergyman's abode. This I wondered—at considerably, and remained silent also.

In the cosy room, with June as witness, we were married; but my bride's face I saw not in the time of the ceremony, a heavy veil covering its beauty. My wife—why did she tremble so, and why lean so heavily upon my arm? We stood in the center of the apartment, I still wondering at the strangeness of both June and Genie, the latter beginning to sob, when the door opened—and—in stepped Genie Merle upon the arm of a tall, handsome man!

Who had I married? What trick had victimized me? With one stroke I removed the veil from the face of my unknown wife. I staggered against the wall of the room and gazed in amazement upon the fair countenance of Mary Hall!

"Who did this?" I cried. "Genie Merle, how is this?"

June, Genie and my wife panned me in, and each began explaining with such volubility that I was distracted rather than enlightened. Finally Genie hushed the others and said:

"Mr. Minton, I pray you forgive me for a deed I have assisted in. Your sister and I long since planned how we should punish you for your unmanliness toward Mary, and give her an opportunity to get you for a husband. It has, from the beginning, been a dangerous piece of work, and none but a coquettish creature, like I am, could have carried it out."

"Frank, last evening I was wedded to this personage, Mr. Waldron, to whom I have been engaged for several years. He heard this story, chided me, and brought me hither to ask for what I fear you will never give—your pardon."

"And, dear Frank," exclaimed Mrs. Minton, "I have reasons to beg for your pardon and your love. I have been foolish—"

"And," interposed June, "I ask for no forgiveness for an act of kindness. I—"

"As I have put my foot in the trap," I interrupted, hugging and kissing Mary, "why, I'll make the best of it." So I grew so enthusiastic that I forgave the conspirators over and over again, and kissed Genie until her husband grew angry.

Mary, my pure, good wife, is to-day a better companion than I am worthy of; and all I can say, is, "Thanks to the plotting of Genie and June."

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We are highly gratified in being able to announce that we have concluded a negotiation with Mr. Albert W. Aiken, the popular author of the "Key of Spades," "Witches of New York," etc., and that in future he will write exclusively for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Mr. Aiken has already won a name second to no author in America in the field of Popular Romance, and each new product of his powerful pen strengthens his hold upon the reading public.

In our next issue we shall give the first chapters of a new romance of New York city life—pronounced by Mr. Aiken to be the best story he has ever written—entitled:

THE SCARLET HAND;

OR,

The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.
A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTS AND HOMES.

This production, with its peculiarly constructed and very interesting plot—which we are confident will puzzle the oldest novel reader to guess—will create a sensation. Its old descriptions of New York scenes and characters—introducing the Fifth Avenue belle; the sewing-girl of Rivington street; the old witch of the Five Points; the Tombs lawyer; the outcast actor, who in the course of the story becomes a very bloodhound on the track of the man who "steals a life"; the son of toll; the licensed vander; the Baxter street shodder-bitter; and, lastly, the hero of the romance, who, apparently without reason, stains his hands scarlet in blood—all are delineated with that power and spirit which show how well the author has mastered the daily lessons of the streets of New York. These are but a few of the characters that figure in this great romance, which, we feel sure, will add another leaf to the writer's laurel crown, and undoubtedly it will prove to be the most popular story that has yet been given in the

MODEL STORY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Contributors and Correspondents.
Manuscripts are almost daily brought in by the mail-carrier, upon which are marked "Due 6c.," "Due 10c.," "Due 20c.," etc.—which we are constrained to do to receive the MSS. This underpayment of postage is, in many cases, owing to a misapprehension of the law. Manuscripts are entitled to "Book Rates," viz: two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof—only when the package is marked "Book MS." and is remitted in a wrapper open at one or both ends. Nor must the inclosure contain a line of any thing but the MS. proper. A note to publisher or editor subjects the whole to full "Letter Rates," viz: three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. The same is the case where the manuscript is remitted in a close envelope, even though the same be marked "Book MS."

Correspondents will therefore bear in mind, 1st. That we receive no manuscripts upon which postage is due.

2d. That, to be entitled to "Book Rates," all packages must be inclosed in wrappers, with ends open.

3d. Said inclosures must contain no correspondence whatever.

4th. All communications for editors or publishers, other than manuscripts for the press, must be prepaid at full letter rates.

Will try and find place for "CHECK," "THE ROMBER LOVER," we can not use, and return the MS.—"THE PRISONER OF WAR," evidently is transferred from some book—"EXOS CENSUS TER'S LETTERS," we do not care to introduce to our columns. It requires something besides bad spelling to render such contributions readable.

Will try and use J. G. M.'s "HINTS TO WRITERS," with some necessary modifications. Such papers ought to be very good to merit use.

Essay, "Ghosts or Truism," is much too ill digested and crude for use. No stamps.

Poems, by L. E. V., "THE FRIEND THAT'S TRUE," "A COUNTRY LIFE," we can not use. No stamps. MS. destroyed. Ditto, poems by L. L. G. and H. F. P.

The sketch, "OLD MAN'S REVENGE," is much too imperfect as a composition to be of avail. The incident, too, is treated in a melodramatic manner, that would not sound well in print. No stamps. MS. not preserved.

H. H. W., of Newark, writes with fine promise. If he is but seventeen years of age, and will earnestly devote himself to storing his mind with "the fit things of written lore," he can not fail of success. We give this from his hand.

MARIOLA.
Her wavy hair as dark as night,
Fell over her shoulders pure and white,
And in those eyes, bright, clear and deep,
There dwelt a passion now asleep.
And on her cheek the rose hue
Of health and happiness, breaking through;
Full were her eyes of tenderness;
Her lips a smile would press,
Sweeter than content bells at even,
That twinkled gently o'er the lake.
Was the sweet voice of this maiden,
Soft as their death when once she spoke;
A soul within of angel's birth,
Upon the verge of womanhood.
This bright-eyed maiden radiant stood,
This is a sweet picture. His "OLD ABBEY" we will try and drop into some quiet corner of the paper.

The poem, "WE PARTED YESTERDAY," is charming. We will use it upon proper assurance from the author of its originality. If it is original with Miss L. we will be glad to hear from her again.

Can not use "MAN WITH BIG HEAD," and return the same.

Would use the poems by Miss E. M. C., but do not pay for matter of that nature. MS. returned.

Robert St. C. it is evident from his note to us, is quite unskilled in composition and deficient in the education requisite for those who aim for success in letters.

Foolscap Papers.

The Glorious Fourth.

THANKS to the men that first discovered the fourth of July, in 1776! They have conferred such a boon upon the country that the vendors of fire-crackers and lemonade will never forget them. It is the day when persons, stuffed full of patriotism, and contempt for the British all the year, spill over, and red-coats flame in many an oration, and imaginary fields suddenly grow crimson with them.

It was the day that the Americans discovered that they were a free and perfectly independent people, and that it was only necessary to convince England of this momentous fact, which was their right.

The following notes are taken from my memory—random of yesterday.

Six o'clock. Woke up—after considerable shaking—and found that, according to prediction, the Fourth of July was here. I myself, not having been postponed until the middle of August, as I had heard some one intimate, I invoked the spirit of my forefathers, and found it was mighty hot—that is, the weather was.

I rose, and considered that I was FREE, but not from the rheumatism.

In fact, the only objection I have to this country is that I am getting old in it. I used to be able to jump over a stick easily, and walk on my hands—and feet.

Half past six. Breakfasted, and felt proud that I was an American. Cannon went off in front of my house, followed by heavy shower of window glass and some sash. Found patriotism is a good thing so long as it is not expensive, and proceeded to the front only to find the fellows gone with the cannon, which I certainly would have rammed down their patriotic throats without giving them any thing to drink afterward had I caught them.

Seven o'clock. Began to celebrate the day by paying my washerwoman. Bought five cents' worth of peanuts and started out. Little boy on the street dropped a fire-cracker in my coat-tail pocket. I received a sudden impetus forward, caught the boy and gave him a spanking back-sword. Proceeded. Found the heat was getting very warm. Smoked a cherry cobbler and imbibed a cigar.

Found everybody on the streets looking for the Fourth, and also looking as happily miserable as patriotism and warm weather and tight boots could make them.

Nine o'clock. Fives, vindictive; ten o'clock, forty miles to the hour; base drums, hot after effect; bad on the drums of my ears. Musket went off in my head, or so close to it I thought so, for it made me see the stars of my country.

Fellows in the sun put more wood on the fire, and the consequence was hotter yet.

Thermometer exploded in the shade. Joined in the procession and walked two miles to the grove. Leased a soda fountain, and took to hard drink.

Eleven o'clock. Stood on two fellows' corns and one lady's tail to hear a brave man, who "once suffered for his country in the Home Guards," I used to spell it *gouds*.

Read the Declaration of Independence, and got to thinking how all men were created free and equal, but when they grow up, the thing becomes vastly different. Equality, indeed, is built upon a golden platform, but that platform, alas, is the circular dollar.

Felt my neighbor's hand in my pocket. Thought he had made the mistake of taking my pocket for his own. I turned round and told him so; he asked his pardon, and said he really had. It turned out afterward that he had made a similar mistake in regard to my pocket-book, but as some people let nothing trouble them, the nothing that was in the pocket-book must have troubled him a good deal.

Twelve o'clock. Singing of the stirring lyric Hail Columbia with variations, which consisted of one young man getting off on "Coming through the Rye," and another following him—they had evidently been there.

The Revolution was in a good many heads, and the spirit of '76 was nothing to the spirits of '70, as evinced in some countrymen from the country.

One o'clock. Went home, glad that the Fourth of July had come, and that it was nearly over; and spent the afternoon thinking how depopulating it would be if it came twice a week.

Eight o'clock. Went to the fireworks. First rocket took Jimmy O'Keefe's hair off. The next perforated a millinery window opposite, and raised a stir in the bonnet market, and some things went up. The next rocket went in the third story opposite, but they put it out with a bucket of water. The balance went off in the box. I lit a Roman candle, and began to shake it, when it went off the wrong way—inside of my coat sleeve. Seventeen turpentine balls went off in the crowd, the cannon went off before they got the ramrod out, and

everybody else went off home; and Fourth of July went to bed.

It is strange that for a while beforehand we say, "Come Fourth," but during the day we are apt to tell it to go forth.

Yours, and so forth, etc.
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

1. Think over what you intend to write about before you sit down, and then don't dash ahead, as if you thought your ideas were as smart as your pen, but take it calmly, and strike out half you write, though you may feel regret in doing it.

2. For the first two years, in which you think yourself a *poeta natus*, do not seek for publicity, but write to improve by practice and comparison of your own work with that of those who have won an honest fame.

If you still think you are a poet when the third year of your novitiate dawns upon you, try the press—not in egotism, but in the earnest desire to test your faculties by trial.

If you hear a stranger pronounce a poem or piece of yours good, or get it into a newspaper or magazine, and see it widely quoted, then go on and prosper.

3. Write your first copy of prose or verse on wide-ruled paper, so that you may change or interline at pleasure. Then copy this again on wide lines, for even a second revision will add to it some good quality. A third copy send to the chosen paper or magazine.

4. Be modest; speak not of what your infant pen can do; be not your own trumpeter. If you deserve praise, you may be sure you will get it; if you do not deserve, and fail to get it, don't court it by drumming into the ears of others your imagined excellences.

5. On the other hand, do not go too far the other way. Do not pretend you think nothing of that which receives the praise of others; for, by doing so, you say what you do not think, and the way in which you say it, appearing unnatural to a friend, will damage your own interests, and only lower your character for candor.

6. Be your own critic, and before you ask the opinion of another on what you write, ask of yourself, "What is my own candid opinion?" If yours is unfavorable, much more so, though honeyed over, will be that of another.

Excelsior.

A CROWD IS NOT COMPANY.

THE MATINEE was over, and I stepped into a horse-car, at the same time as did a weary-looking woman, loaded down with work, which she was probably carrying to some shop.

As I entered I found the car to be completely filled on both sides, but a young man, who was doubtless a good customer of a perfumery store, (by the odor of his natty pocket-handkerchief, which was just enough out of his pocket to allow every one to know that he possessed such a thing) got up and offered me his seat.

I was about to take it, when I looked at the careworn features and tired appearance of my companion, and told her to take the seat.

You ought to have seen the look of thankfulness the poor woman gave me, and the appearance of indignation that settled on the young man's countenance! He was real mad. I don't care if I wasn't polite. I couldn't have eaten a bit of supper or slept a wink all night if I had let that poor woman stand. She would have been my nightmare. I don't believe this incident to have, you say, "Lottie Thorne."

She did as she would be done by. I guess when I am old I shall want to be treated in the same way.

As I gazed round that car and saw the Miss who was on her way home from dancing-school, tucked her skirts around her as though she were afraid of being contaminated by too close proximity with the poor woman, I said to myself, "A crowd is not company," and that put Lottie in a meditative mood, and she remembered what crowds of people there were in this world, but how little company.

When Mrs. Dashaway has a party she thinks of her guests as "company," but they are not—they are simply a crowd. While she is conversing with one of her guests, and that guest is saying to her, "My dear Mrs. Dashaway, how charming you are looking this evening, how exquisitely your dress sets, and what a fine color you have," ten to one, behind her back she will say, "What a dandy! The idea of a woman at her age wearing a low-necked dress!" I don't say she really does express her sentiments in this manner; I only remark that it is ten to one she does.

I remember when I was a youngster I was to have a party in the back-yard, and for two days I could not rest easy in the anticipation of the fine time I expected I should have.

I remember as if it were but yesterday who was there: Suzy Bowers, Meta Jones, Nettie Newhall and Molly Canavan. The principal part of the programme was the making of mud-pies, a delicacy found in no modern cook-book.

When grown older, most people forget the romance of mud-pie making, but I don't; and I often stop at the corner and look at the youngsters mixing up the same ingredients—and I say to myself: "I have a claim on you."

Oh mud-pies of my childhood! Have I reached one by one, And I must hurry home to see If my mince-pies are a triumph.

My party was not a triumph, because Suzy Bowers got mad because I had invited Molly Canavan, whose mother did

washing for a living, and the poor child's only bright days were the ones on which she came over to my house to help make mud-pies.

Suzy wouldn't speak to Molly, and when I took Molly's part I made an enemy of all the rest of the girls, who went home mad. I took up a mud-pie and threw it after them, but it fell short of the mark and I had one less dirtied dress to be made accountable for.

It wasn't ladylike in me, I know, but I didn't have the temper of an angel, and cast my eyes heavenward and let people keep me under their thumb. Whatever saintlike character I may have I have become imbued with since; that wasn't the nature of Lottie in younger days before she wore long dresses and—was courted.

Do things after as we grow up? We can't throw mud-pies at people when we get provoked, but don't we want to all the same? Don't our fingers itch to stoop down and fling mud-pies at that detestable Miss Smith for daring to dress with more taste than we can?

And when we can't do this, don't we have a less clean missile to fire—don't we say: "Well, I could tell things about Miss Brown," or cast innuendoes concerning Mr. Jones' late hour? Yes, we do, and we spank our youngsters for harboring ill-feelings when we set them the example.

We listen to long sermons from the text, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," and we go home and backbite those who sit in the next pew to ours!

Certainly if we wish to be scandalized, then we are truly doing as we would be done by. I am often in that frail craft myself. Yes, I am. I have come home from church and remarked about Mr. So-and-so's talking in sermon time. Now, if I had been attending to the sermon myself how should I have known any thing about Mr. So-and-so's conduct? I am not going to do so any more, at least I am going to try not to.

Do you believe an editor considers all his subscribers company? Suppose you had charge of a periodical, and had half of the people saying, "I don't like this" and "I don't like that," and the other half clamoring, "Stop my paper," just because there was a story running in its columns with the villain's name Jones, and the half of your "paper takers" had that cognomen, would you say that they were "pleasant company"? I reckon not. You'd say, "Heaven preserve me from such a crowd."

At least so would say.

Lottie Thorne.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

THE ART of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things! If we place our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not be happy except when our selfishness is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life!

The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see. Rare plays are unfolded before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Not go to the theaters? Wicked to see plays? Every street is a theater. One can not open his eyes without seeing unconscious players. There are Othellos, and Hamlets, and Leals, and Falstuffs, Ophelias, Rosalinds and Julietts, all about us. Midsummer-night dreams are performing in our heavens. Happy? A walk up and down Fulton street in Brooklyn is, as good as a play. The children, the nurses, the maidens, the mothers, the wealthy everybodies, the queer men, the unconscious buffoons, the drolls, the earnest nonsense and the whimsical earnestness of men, the shop-windows, the cars, the horses, the carriages—bless us, there is not half time enough to enjoy all that is to be seen in these things! Or, if the mood takes you go in and talk with the people—choosing, of course, fitting times and seasons. Be cheerful yourself, and good-natured, and respectful, and every man has a secret for you worth knowing. There is a schoolmaster waiting for you behind every door. Every shopman has a look of life different from yours. Human nature puts on, as many kinds of foliage as trees do, and is far better worth studying. Anger is not alike in any two men, nor pride, nor vanity, nor love. Every fool is a special fool, and there is no duplicate. What are trades and all kinds of business but laboratories where the ethereal thought is transmuted into some visible shape of matter? Men are cutting, filing, fitting, joining, polishing. But every article is so much mind, condensed into matter. Work is incarnation. Nobody knows a city who only drives along its streets. There are vaults under streets, cellars under houses, attics above, shops behind. At every step men are found tucked away in some queer nook, doing unexpected things, themselves odd and full of entertaining knowledge.

It is kindly sympathy with human life that enables one to secure happiness. Pride is like an unsilvered glass, through which all sights pass leaving no impression. But sympathy, like a mirror, catches every thing that flies. The whole world makes pictures for a mirror-heart. The best of all is that a kind heart, and a keen eye, are never within the sheriff's reach. He may sequester your goods; but he can not shut up the world or confiscate human life. As long as these are left, one may defy poverty, neglect of friends, and even to a degree misfortune and sickness, and still find hours bright every day of innocent and nourishing enjoyment.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY HELEN L. HOSWICK.

Now away with your four-leaved clover,
Giddy girls, and annoy me no more,
It shall not be dried in my Bible,
Nor fastened above my door.

I know not what niggardly fairy,
Or evil star, frowned at my birth,
That never such omen of Fortune,
Was nourished for me in the earth.

In my youth, at the manor of Greenshaw,
With milkmaids, a mischievous band,
I've watched the wide acres over,
But nothing ere came to my hand.

One eve when the milking was ended,
I searched in the meadows alone,
But never a stalk of green clover,
The magical number would own.

Young Reuben, the barefooted farm-boy,
At the bottom was climbing the stile;
Down leaping, he grasped at the greenward,
And I followed his eye with a smile.

"Good luck!" and a four-leaved clover
Up in each hand bore he.
Then laughing, he straightened my fingers,
But mine was only a three!

Now Reuben is under Greenshaw,
His mistress is shrewish and old;
And it is said that a growing great cinder,
Has traced to his heart from her gold.

Just under you see the white fringes
Of chestnuts that grow by his door;
My daughters serve not in his kitchen,
Though my sons tend his sheep on the moor.

I sit by my little brown hearth-stone,
With the wood on my knee that they shear,
And I think of those four-leaved clovers,
And the three that was growing so near.

And the three that was growing so near.

City Life Sketches.

MORT.

BY AGILE PENNE.

"PLEASE, sir, there's a man a-dyin' over the way," said a ragged and eff-like-looking boy, sticking his head into a little drug-shop on Third avenue, near Forty-second street.

"Who is it, Jimmy?" asked the young doctor, the proprietor of the shop, rising and putting on his coat; he was in his shirt-sleeves at the entrance of the boy.

"Why, sir," answered the boy, "it's old Mort, the rag-picker."

"Mort," said the doctor, in some little astonishment, and preparing to follow the boy.

"Yes, sir. He's been sick two or three days, but he said as how he didn't want no doctor a-foolin' round him."

Mort, the rag-picker, was well known to the doctor. He was a strange old man, living alone, his only companion being a large and savage dog, the terror of all the neighbors. The old rag-picker did not seek for friendship, but rather repelled it, and his rag-picking neighbors—there was a whole cluster of them dwelling in little shanties, squatters on the rocky ground—shook their heads when they spoke of the solitary Frenchman.

For Mort was of that nation, though speaking English like a native—and, whispered among themselves that there was some dark deed connected with the early life of the old man.

The doctor—a young, good-hearted fellow, a German by birth—was the only one that Mort ever had permitted to penetrate to the interior of his shanty. Mort's life had been saved by the doctor when the old man lay helpless with the fever, and but for the friendly aid of the young man, he would have died; so the old rag-picker was bound to the doctor by a tie of gratitude. And now, lying helpless upon his death-bed, he sent for the only friend that he possessed in the wide, wide world.

The doctor entered the dimly-lighted room of the sick man. A little square of glass set in the door alone illuminated the apartment. On a rude bed lay Mort, the rag-picker, dying.

The face of the old man was a strange one. The hair that streamed wildly over his temples was white as the driven snow. Deep lines of care seamed the forehead. The eyes, black as jet, and shining with unnatural brilliancy, were deeply smitten in the head. The long gray beard hanging down over the bony cheek gave him the appearance of one of the patriarchs of old. The muscular form of the dying man told of uncommon strength.

"Mort, you are very sick," said the doctor, whose practiced eyes detected the truth at once.

"I am dying," returned the old man, in a deep voice that even now was full of sonorous music, though the hands of years was upon him, and the damp dews that told of the near approach of the grim King of Terrors moistened his brow.

"I hope it is not so bad as that," said the doctor, cheerfully, seating himself by the bedside of the old man and placing his finger upon his pulse. But in his heart the doctor knew that the old man had spoken the truth, and that the life of Mort, the old rag-picker, was fast drawing to its close.

"You can not deceive me," said the old man, with a faint smile upon his worn and haggard features. "I know I have not many hours to live, perhaps not many minutes. I have something to say before I die. You are the only friend that I have in the world. Will you listen to my story?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I will."

Then from beneath the roll of rags that served as a pillow for his head the old man drew a little case. The case was old, and bore the marks of age on its stained and battered surface. He opened it, and the astonished eyes of the doctor beheld the picture of a woman. It was a face painted on ivory—the face of a young and beautiful woman. Bright golden tresses clustered around her temples, encircling them like a halo of light. The eyes were of the rich, deep blue of the pure summer sky when no envious clouds hide its fair surface. Pure, truthful eyes they seemed. The face was a perfect oval; the features exquisitely cut.

The doctor could not repress a cry of admiration when his gaze fell upon the beautiful face of the woman.

"Well!" said the old rag-picker, in a tone of question, and he drew.

"As beautiful a woman as I have ever looked upon," cried the doctor. "No man praise was his for in his own dear fatherland he had looked upon many a blonde beauty, tangled his heart up in many a tress of golden hair, and caught love-glances from many a bright blue eye."

"Yes, she was beautiful," said the old man, with a deep sigh.

"Who was she?" The doctor judged from the tone of the old man, as well as from his words, that the original of the picture no longer existed.

"My wife," replied the old man, sadly.

"Your wife?" The doctor started in astonishment.

"Yes," said the old man. "I will tell you something of my life, if you care to hear it."

"I shall listen with attention," said the doctor, who felt a strange curiosity to know something of the original of the picture.

"Listen, and you will hear a strange story." Then, after a moment's pause, as if to collect his thoughts, the rag-picker began:

"I was born in France, but came to this country when quite a lad with my father. I had a brother, a few years younger than myself. My father established himself as an importer in New York. At his death my brother and myself took the business, and carried it on as equal partners.

"One day, through a friend, I was introduced to the original of this picture. She was called Corrella Egbert. She was only a poor girl—a music-teacher—but she was as beautiful as one of heaven's angels. The moment I saw, I loved her. It was a passion that came as sudden as the flash of the lightning, and burnt with a heat as intense.

"She soon saw that I loved her, for I could no more control my passion in her presence than I could hold a live coal in my hand, and not feel the heat.

"At last I seized a favorable opportunity, and confessed my passion. Judge of my joy when, timidly, she said that she was not indifferent to me—that she returned my love.

"Soon we were married, for I longed for the day when I could fold her to my heart and know that she was mine forever, and I urged forward the consummation of my happiness with all possible speed.

"For some six months I lived in a dream of bliss. My wife was all that a girl could be; she seemed to love me even more than I did her. At the end of the six months, important business called me to France. I could not delegate it to another. It needed my personal attention. At first I resolved that Corrella should accompany me, but she feared the dangers of the ocean. So I went alone, intrusting my wife to the care of my brother. I expected to be absent some two months. But on arriving in Paris I got through the business with expedition, and returned home at once. I was absent but five weeks all told. My arrival home, of course, was unexpected. I pictured to myself the joy of my wife when she should behold the husband whom she fancied a stormy ocean separated from her.

"I went to my home at once. It was night when I arrived there. I let myself in with my latch-key, intending to give my wife a joyful surprise.

"As I stood in the darkened entry—the gas had not been lighted for some reason—I heard the sound of voices in the parlor. I recognized the voice of my Corrella, then the voice of my brother. A single sentence that fell upon my ear made me anxious to hear more. I knew that from the back-parlor I could hear all that passed in the front one. Noiselessly I entered the room. I could hear the conversation plainly. Oh! the agony of the moment when the truth broke upon my mind!

"The wife that I loved so well was false to me! I heard her say that she had married me solely for the money I possessed; that she had bartered herself, body and soul, for gold; that she had never loved me, and felt that she could never love me; that she would rather hold a snake within her arms than be clasped in mine; that my kisses were poison to her lips, and that she would rather die than live again the life of deception that she had lived. I grew twenty years older in those few short minutes. And who think you was the man that she did love?

"It was my own brother!

"Then I overheard them plan to fly together to some distant land before my return, so that they might enjoy their love in peace. I could hear no more, but with the demon of jealousy tugging at my heart-strings, I sprang into the room. My wife, with a shriek of terror, and pallid as a corpse, shrunk from me. A knife was in my hand—another moment, and I should have been a murderer; the blood of my brother, and, perhaps, that of the false wife, would have stained the steel; but Heaven saved me from the commission of a crime. As I raised my hand to strike, my senses failed me; all became dark before my eyes. I fell fainting to the floor.

"When I awoke from my swoon I was in a mad-house. I was a raging hysteric. I spoke but one word alone: *Mort—death!* I still craved, even in my madness, for the death of those that had injured me.

"Long years passed before my reason came to me. I left the asylum. I searched the city through, but could find no trace of my wife that I once loved so well, or of the brother who had so cruelly betrayed me.

"Friendless and alone, I adopted my present calling. I retained the name given me in the asylum, and so all know me as Mort, the rag-picker. Now you know the story of the picture."

"But did you never discover any trace of your wife or brother?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the dying man, speaking with a great effort. "One cold winter's night I saw a woman, wretchedly clad, huddled up in a doorway. I knew that she would freeze to death if she remained there. I awoke her, and in the blotted and disfigured features of the wretched creature I recognized the once lovely Corrella. She did not recognize me. I paid for a lodging for her that night, and drew from her the history of her life. She and my brother had fled together, but the vengeance of the Heaven whose laws they had outraged followed them. By flight they escaped earthly vengeance, but not the wrath of the great unseen Power that dwelleth above. To drown remorse my brother became a drunkard, and finally died by a knife-stab in a low saloon quarrel.

"After his death, Corrella, without a protector, followed the path of sin that leads only to a shameful death. The beauty faded from her face, the bright blue eyes grew dull and wicked. Sin destroys beauty. And on the night when I met her, disease had laid its icy fingers upon her life. Exposure, and want had done its work. She died in my arms, and with her last breath she called upon the husband that had once loved her so well to forgive the wrong she had done him. She little guessed that the hand that wiped the damp dew of death from her forehead was the hand of that husband. I freely forgive her all. She had been fully punished for her crime."

The voice of the old man faltered, but with a great effort, he rallied and spoke again:

"You will find my little store of money upon my pillow—bury me decently—on my headstone—three words—*peace at last!*"

The lips of the old man moved convulsively—a single gasp, and Mort, the rag-picker, had gone to his long home. He had found peace at last!

The Knight's Peril.

BY C. D. CLARK.

The sun's rays were darted back from glittering helmet and glaive, from high turban and flashing sword, gleaming battle-axe and dagger, upon a hard-fought field in Palestine. Solyman had met the Crusaders and been rolled back before them, and now Richard the Lion-hearted and his gallant band laid siege to Acre. A strange band had the great king led from far-off England, to do battle for the holy sepulcher.

The siege had been protracted many days, and foremost in the ranks of the Crusaders fought a young Saxon of the blood of Hengist, whose name was Edward Turneham. Strong-framed and tall, with regal Saxon head, light curling brown hair, and deep blue eyes, he well deserved his reputation as the handsomest knight who fought under the banner of Richard.

Sir Edward commanded in one of the trenches outside the wall, at a spot more exposed to assault than others. The battle over, he rested in his tent until nightfall, when a murmur rose without which deepened and swelled until he could make out the words, "Long live Richard! live the lion-hearted, our brave king!" Sir Edward sprang up just as the sentry challenged, and received the word in a firm voice. Then the curtain of the tent was lifted, and the form which could not be mistaken for any other in that army stood in the doorway. Richard of the Lion Heart was then in the flower of his strength, and towered above his fellows like Saul.

"Good sooth, Sir Edward," he said, "well have you fought to-day. I could not rest until I had come to thy tent and offered thanks for a life preserved. The king thanks you, and you shall find when we return to Merry England that Richard never forgets those to whom he owes favors."

But their stubborn resistance had given

turned again with that bull-dog courage which seems a part of the English nature. Where that ax fell, it was death. Cloven to the chine, through plate and mail, they fell on every side. But even his tremendous valor could not suffice to bear back the tide of the Saracens, who swarmed about him like bees, striking at him from every side. The king was well known, and a dozen blows at once were showered upon him, but his address and skill kept them off his body. But he began to despair, when suddenly a strong arm seconded him, and he knew that Edward Turneham was at his side.

"St. Hubert!" shouted the Saxon. "Turneham for King Richard! Up, merry men of England! To the rescue! Bill-men, archers, to the front!"

With every blow an enemy fell under the sweep of his two-handed blade. The archers and bill-men, who were a portion of Edward's own company, hearing the voice of their trusted leader, fought with desperate valor, and the Saracens gave back a little. The English camp was now aroused, and the knights were arming themselves hastily. Two, or three, more forward than the rest, joined the king and Sir Edward, and, with the monarch in the center, beat back the Saracens again and again. The sandy earth on which they stood was red with blood.

One by one the bill-men and archers dropped before the furious charge of the flower of the Saracen chivalry. "Allah! Allah!" "A Turneham!" "Plantagenet!" and various barbarian war-cries rung through the still air of evening. The Holy Land, the land our Savior loved so well, was the prize for which they fought. At length the king, Edward, and a single knight of the Hospital, fought alone. The bill-men and archers were gone, and these three, back to back, surrounded on every side by the Paynim host, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they might. The ax of Richard was broken, but he had wrenched another from the hand of a fallen Saracen, and with it continued the fray. Edward had thrown aside his heavy sword, using a small battle-axe and shield, with which he strove more to cover the body of the king than his own. His self-devotion cost him dear, for a Saracen darted in with a javelin and pierced him in the side, and he fell, bathed in his own blood. The Saracens made a new rush, and the king and his single companion were forced back several paces from the body of their fallen companion.

But their stubborn resistance had given

knight cast himself down upon the straw with a sigh, and thought of the change in his fate in the last hour. Before, he was the idol of the English army; now a prisoner in a loathsome dungeon, reserved for a fate he knew not what.

He passed the night in the dungeon. Next morning the leech came in and looked at his wound, which he pronounced not dangerous. In half an hour the guard came in, and took him into the presence of the Governor.

The Saracen was seated in a beautiful room, surrounded by all the tokens of Moorish magnificence. On his right hand sat a lady closely veiled.

"Zulema," said the Governor, "I have granted thy request. This is one of those Frankish knights of whom you have heard so much. You shall see how the justice of the Saracen deals with these Frankish invaders. Christian have you thought of my proposal of yesterday?"

"You would do as well not to repeat it to me, Saracen," replied the knight, boldly. "I am in your power. Your chains can bind my hands, but they have no power over my soul. Here I take my stand and dare you to do your worst. But, in the name of my great king, whom all Christians love and honor, and for whose sake I stand in this peril to-day, I warn you to beware what you do to me. For every chain you heap upon me, every pain you force me to endure, every vile slight your inhumanity can devise, shall be remembered against you in that day when Acre's walls are in dust."

The Saracen stroked his beard with the air of a man who could afford to wait, and turned to the lady.

"Thou seest, Zulema, what fools these Christians are. I would have been friendly with this young Frank, would have raised him to high state, but he is like the dog that would spoil his own food."

"Let me entreat you," said the young lady, in a sweet voice, "to remember that he is but young, and knows not what he says."

"Peace, Zulema. Let the Frank be led back to his dungeon, and at daybreak let him be hung in chains outside the battlements, that these Frankish dogs may learn what to expect from the followers of Allah."

The lady had half risen from her seat and raised her veil partly, but the Saracen, with an angry cry, pulled it down. Sir Edward saw the motion and understood it. "I thank thee, lady. Whatever may be the fate of poor Edward Turneham, this shall be remembered in his dying hour."



THE KNIGHT'S PERIL.

the knights of Richard an opportunity to arm, and they came on with leveled lances to the rescue of their king. The Saracens were cut down on every side, and seeing the uselessness of standing up against the mailed knights in the open field, they hastily retreated, leaving their wounded to the mercy of the foe. Richard, raged like the king of beasts from which he took his surname, and sought for the body of his friend. He looked in vain. Sir Edward Turneham was in the hands of the Saracens.

The moment he fell, knowing that a man of such stubborn valor must be a worthy knight, they had lifted the body and sent it into Acre. When he awoke he was lying on a couch in a lofty hall, attended by a leech. The broken head of the javelin had been removed, and he saw that none but Saracens surrounded him.

"Place there," cried a stern voice. "Room for the Governor." The pages and attendants fell upon their knees, and laid their foreheads upon the carpeted floor, as an old man, with gray hair and beard, and an eye from which the fire of youth had not yet departed, moved with a stately step to the side of the couch.

"This is the Frankish knight, who did such wonders this night?" he said. "Sir knight, what is your name?"

"I am called Sir Edward Turneham, the Saxon," he said.

"Allah be my guard! Thou art young to fight as thou hast done to-night. Listen, Frank. Will thou forswear thy faith, take the faith of Allah, and fight against the English king?"

"I am weak from loss of blood," replied the young knight. "Otherwise I should have but one answer to that question."

"And that answer?" said the Governor, with a lowering brow.

"Would be a blow," he replied.

The blood rushed in hot flood to the forehead of the Governor, and he clapped his hands hastily and angrily. A dozen slaves started up at the summons. "Away with him!" he cried. "To the deep dungeon below the moat. By the soul of Allah, I will make him repent his insolence."

In spite of his weakness they lifted the body of the wounded man and carried him down the stairs, and placed him in a dark and noisome dungeon, upon a pile of mouldy straw. A chain fixed in a pillar was fastened to an iron belt about his waist. His hands and feet were not bound. The only furniture the room contained was a low table which stood near the door, which was of iron, studded with huge iron rivets. The

through his shoulder. Zulema had fainted, and was given into the care of the ladies who had accompanied their lords to battle. Edward Turneham recovered, and fought by Richard's side until that monarch turned his back on Palestine and sailed again for England. It is fair to suppose that Zulema absolved him from his vow, for there is no record that she went into a convent, and when Edward Turneham, now Lord Edward of Claxton, returned to England, he had a wife whom he called Zulema. They lived happily together in their northern home, for even after the death of Richard he was a favorite of the crown, fighting his battles with the Northern tribes, and their descendants proudly point to him as the founder of their race.

The Shadowed Heart.

OR,

THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWLEY.

AUTHOR OF "THE WOOD-MAN'S BOY," "SCARLET CROCODILES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE REVELATION OF SORROW.

GEORGE CASSELMANNE had gone to Rose Cottage, gone on the first opportunity that presented, and intending to return before the dinner hour to the Archery—to see Ida Tressell. Gone to pour forth the love he knew she would so gladly hear, and his heart bounded blissfully as he neared the vine-embowered cottage where she awaited him.

What did George Cassemann care that she was poor and of humble parentage? Had he not enough of wealth and influence for both?

He would build them a splendid mansion wherever she wanted to live—and furnish it with all the luxuries and conveniences he could devise, or she imagine. She loved bright, rich colors, he knew, and his heart beat almost audibly as he mentally planned the room they would occupy.

Their room! ah, the words lent a swift-ness to his feet, and a lightness to his eyes. Darling little Ida, with her graceful ways, her modest demeanor, her *piquante* loveliness, would ornament a king's palace; much less his unworthy home. And a very palace of love, at least, he resolved to make it, where in discord should never come; where love and joy should reign, and he himself be her devoted husband-lover.

It seemed, as he walked along, as if he trod on air, so elastic were his spirits, and he almost feared that his anticipations were not to be realized; but he smiled away the foreboding as he pictured to himself the scene at the cottage. He knew that Ida's graceful form would come to the door to welcome him, and he could see the downcast happiness in her dark eyes; he imagined he heard the sweet melody of her voice, and the silvery laugh that so often floated from her carnation lips.

He lived over the scene he knew would be so true, so lifelike, when he took her little brown hand in his and told her she was bride of his heart—she the one for whom he desired her intercession; and then how beautifully her eyes would gaze upon him when he placed the engagement ring on her finger.

He reached the gate at whose base the luxuriant grass was untrod. It was very quiet, and he glanced up to the fringed white dimly curtains at the windows of her room, whither he had often caught her peeping. The curtains were falling before the glass, and down-stairs the shutters were closed.

Not a sound broke the deep stillness as he walked up the narrow path, and rapped on the closed door.

No one answered his summons, and with a vague apprehension of horror that Ida was ill, he went by the well-trodden grass-grown walk to the back door.

On the porch sat Mr. Tressell, sleeping soundly, his red bandana handkerchief thrown over his face. He trod softly so as not to awaken him, and entered the neat little kitchen.

There was black Hetty, her work all done, her large old-fashioned Bible spread on a clean white handkerchief, over her plain linen dress.

Her spectacles were off, lying across the open page. Her eyes were bent on the floor, and her hands clasped meekly together. Her attitude plainly denoted extreme depression of spirits.

He spoke gently, that he might not startle her, but at the sound of his voice she arose to her feet, and curtsied respectfully.

"I will see your mistress, Hetty. Shall I find her in the sitting-room or parlor? Never mind. I'll go in myself."

He stepped over the threshold, not pausing to glance at her again, but at sound of her voice he turned toward her.

"Miss Ida isn't in, sir. Miss Ida's out, sir."

Her very comprehensive explanation brought a deep shade of disappointment to his brow.

"Out, Hetty? That is unfortunate. I wished particularly to see her. Will she be in soon? or stay, tell me which way she has gone, and I'll continue my walk and come back with her."

A spasm of pain crossed the old woman's face, and she turned her head away to hide the fast-dropping tears.

"She'll be gone all night, sir. I'm a thinking, you had better come in and rest you a bit."

But he started for the door.

"You said she had gone—which way?"

A moan of pain issued from Hetty's lips, but she bravely hid her emotion.

"I promised I'd not tell him—and I won't," she murmured to herself, then added aloud: "She went to Mr. Joyce's."

He started immediately, with a kindly nod to the negress, who watched him with streaming eyes.

"Poor lamb! poor lamb! oh, Miss Ida—dear Miss Ida, how'll she ever stan' the sight of him?"

She resumed her seat, while George walked rapidly back to the Villa.

The distance was short, and in his restless eagerness to see her, was soon accomplished. The gateway was open, and he saw, in the carriage-yard, the barouche being drawn out, for the family use to Frederic Trevlyn's dinner-party.

The house wore an unusually festive look, for the rooms seemed all opened and occupied. He experienced a peculiar sensation as he entered the open vestibule, one he never forgot, and attributed it to the fact that the woman of all women most distasteful to him—Helen Joyce, lived there.

He dared not inquire for Ida, for he was not sure she was there, so he sent his card to

Mr. Joyce, whom he had several times met.

In the lofty reception-room he waited for his host to receive him; for a brief time he sat there dreaming of Ida, wondering if she were there, when the door opened, and Mr. Joyce entered.

Usually dignified to coldness, he astonished George by grasping his hand with painful friendliness.

"So you've come to congratulate us all, have you, old fellow? I thank you, I thank you heartily."

George bowed in amazement, but seeing how mortifying his ignorance would render him, determined to feign perfect knowledge of the cause of congratulation, and mentally resolving to cut short his call as soon as he saw Ida—if she were indeed there, which he rather doubted.

Mr. Joyce rung the bell when he had finished speaking.

Jeannie answered the summons.

"Tell your lady I would be very much obliged to see her in the reception-room for a few minutes."

A feeling of provokeness prompted Casselmaine to refuse seeing Helen Joyce, the "lady," he knew of the Villa; but politeness bade him meet her, with at least a show of cordiality.

A light footstep sounded on the stairs, and Mr. Joyce hastened to meet her. He escorted her through the door, and triumphantly announced her.

"My wife—my bride, Mr. Casselmaine."

George turned in astonishment.

He looked at the lady, and his glance turned to stone. Slowly he raised his arms, in a mute appeal of keenest anguish to the white-robed figure; then, swaying, reeling like a ship driven by adverse winds, he fell; and as he touched her hand in falling, all the concentration of that moment of unpeakable agony was uttered in the words that fell from his trembling lips:

"My God!"

CHAPTER XXII.

IDA'S WEDDING-DAY.

THAT had been a trying day for Andrew Joyce's timid wife, when she had met, so unexpectedly, the daughters of her husband, who were older than herself.

In her matchless loveliness and haughty consciousness of superior position, she had gone down to the dining-saloon, on her husband's arm, after the family had assembled.

Helen, the eldest, Julia, the second, and Irene, the child-daughter, were awaiting their father's entrance.

As usual, Helen occupied the seat at the head of the table—a position very gratifying to her vanity.

"Mrs. Bond has committed a most ridiculous mistake in supposing our family consisted of five instead of four. Why is that plate there?" she asked, impatiently, of the housekeeper, who entered the room for a parting survey of the table.

"That?" she asked, confusedly, for she remembered Mr. Joyce's instructions to keep the matter a secret. "Oh, I think your father expects company to-day."

"What! when we are all going to the Archery?" Helen asked, incredulously.

"Leastwise, my orders were to lay an extra plate, Miss Helen," returned Mrs. Bond, shortly, as she left the room.

That moment the door opened, and Mr. Joyce and Ida entered.

Helen sprang in astonishment to her feet, while the other girls, who never had seen Ida before, stared wonderingly.

"Miss Tressel—you surprise me! To dinner?" I am certain no invitations have been issued.

Ida's cheek flushed hotly at this insolent speech, but her calm gaze returned Helen's contemptuous one.

"Miss Helen, have the goodness to forbear your jokes in my presence. My position enforces not only respect, but obedience." Her freezingly polite words aroused Helen's ire still further.

"What impudence! Do you presume to insult Andrew Joyce's daughter in her own father's house? I am mistress here!"

Her light eyes fairly scintillated with her rage, and her voice was choked with passion. She pointed to the door, while Ida smiled in conscious superiority.

"Would you insult Andrew Joyce's wife, in her own husband's house? I am mistress here!"

Grandly rung out her melodious voice. Helen gasped for breath.

"Wife!" she screamed, in a fearful storm of unbridled rage; "you, my father's wife! you, a common, low—"

Silence! said Mr. Joyce, bringing his fist down on the table till the dishes rung again. "This is my wife, whom you will respect and obey in every particular. Helen, remove your seat near to your sisters. Ida, my dear, this is your proper place."

He bowed to Ida, who loflyly occupied the chair Helen was thus forced to vacate. Her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, she confronted her father.

"If you think to disgrace our family by this meanness, you need not think I shall endure the shame, the insult! I am Andrew Joyce's daughter, not Ida Tressel's slave."

She cast a menacing glance at Ida, but her father raised his hand sternly.

"I command silence. Helen, if you can not behave yourself, leave the room. Julia, follow her! Irene, my little daughter, I am glad you are a good girl; your sisters have greatly mortified me."

Proudly Helen and her sister walked from Ida's presence, and she and her husband, with the ten-year-old Irene, ate their dinner in peace.

It was scarcely over, when Casselmaine called.

Jennie summoned her, and, in total ignorance of the caller's identity, she went coldly down the stairs.

To her horror, grief and surprise, she recognized George Casselmaine!

It was a fearfully-cruel blow to them both, and Ida thought he was dying when she saw him lying so still and cold at her feet.

Darting from her husband's side, she knelt beside him, chafing his cold hands, and her hot tears falling on his pale, grief-stricken countenance.

Not a word did she utter, yet her heart was in a tumult of inquiry as to what had caused his extreme emotion. Surely, the simple fact of her marriage, sudden though it had been, could not affect him thus; and a sudden, piercing thought—what if, after all, he had loved her, and Helen had deceived her?

She grew dizzy and faint at the awful possibility, but rallied, determined to not allow such thoughts to gain ascendancy. Calling Mrs. Bond, they soon succeeded in restoring the senseless man to consciousness.

Mr. Joyce had been called away, and Mrs. Bond had retired when her services were no longer required.

Ida knelt on the carpet beside the sofa, eagerly watching every motion of his lips. At length he opened his large dark eyes, and Ida sprang to her feet in confusion.

A smile of ineffable sweetness lighted his countenance.

"Oh, Ida, my darling! Thank God, it was only a dream!"

He extended his arms, as though he would fold her to his heart.

Quickly, eagerly she looked up, the expression on her face, as it lightened at his words and gesture, speaking volumes of joy, love, and even hope! But it passed as quickly as it came, and left her paler, whiter than before.

"Don't look so coldly—so coldly, Ida. You are not ill, are you?"

He raised himself up on one elbow, and scanned her face earnestly.

A mighty struggle was going on in Ida's breast. What did this mean, unless he loved her? But if he did love, what mattered it now?

"Speak, speak, Ida, for heaven's sake, and tell me what the matter is?"

She strove to do as he bade, but her tongue seemed paralyzed. Another effort, and her pale lips moved.

"I am not Ida Tressel. You—"

"God! not Ida Tressel? Who, then, are you?"

He sprang to his feet in wildest excitement.

"Either I am going mad, or you are deceiving me? Which is it?"

"I am Andrew Joyce's wife, married yesterday—"

A fearful cry burst from his pallid lips, and he fell on his knees beside her.

"Ida, Ida, my own! Unsay those dreadful words. Oh, darling, my precious darling, I am on my way to win you for my own! Kiss me, Ida, and promise to be my wife!"

He wound his arms around her neck, and drew her head to his breast.

She struggled to free herself, but he repaid her efforts by showers of kisses on her blushing cheeks.

"I implore you to listen! I repeat, emphatically, I am no longer Ida Tressel, but the wife of the host of this house. Your betrothed is Andrew Joyce's daughter, Helen—not his wife, Ida."

She forced her voice to speak coldly, and instantly he released her.

"Can it be—can it be? You—you, that old man's wife? I betrothed to Helen Joyce? You know better, and are very cruel! Oh, Ida! this from you!"

She uttered a cry, like a wounded bird, and caught his hands in hers.

"George Casselmaine, tell me truly; were you not pledged to Helen Joyce?"

"As God hears me, never! I released Maude Elverson, and hastened to claim you—my first, my only love—with Maude's blessing."

Gradually his voice grew sharp from the strain of sorrow, and when he ceased speaking, he bent his face, in desolate mournfulness, on Ida's hands.

"Oh, George, George! forgive me, and pity me! Don't, for mercy's sake, don't!" she sobbed, piteously, as he kissed her cold hands.

"I loved you, Ida Tressel, and it was the sweetest dream of my life; I shall never know another. The world before me is very dark, and the only ray of light to cheer me is that you loved me—you were not false."

He stopped abruptly, for the gathering tears choked his utterance.

She laid her hand on his bowed head in gentle tenderness.

"My lot is the hardest to bear, and God alone can give me grace to endure it. But, George, give me your blessing before you go, and then I can better bear my heavy burden. I shall die if you don't, George, I shall die."

A sick, faint sensation of deepest despair filled him as she ceased speaking, and he did not restrain the tears that would fall on her hand.

"Rather let us pray our Father to help us both, my lost, my Ida. He alone knows my anguish, and your agony. Oh, my darling—let me call you so to-day for the last time—my lost darling, the blow is so unexpected, so fearful. This morning, in the supreme joy of my heart, I went forth to claim you, my own; this afternoon I weep over you—the bride of another! Ida, Ida, it is hard—it is more than I can bear!"

Her heart ached for him, while, in the memory of what might have been, it bled for herself.

"We will say farewell now, George; we must. Let us strive to forgive the terrible wrong that has forever separated us. Let us part—friends."

She extended her hands, in a silent appeal for his farewell grasp. He took them and pressed them to his breast.

"I bid you farewell, my only love, my lost darling. Be true to your chosen husband, and may God reward him and his as they reward you for this dreadful sacrifice. God bless you, my precious one, and keep you, and guard you, and direct you—and me!"

He pressed her in his arms, closely to his agonized heart, and imprinted a last, long kiss on her quivering lips.

A hand laid gently on his arm, arrested him. It was Andrew Joyce, his eyes dim with tears.

"Young man, I heard all; I know all, and I honor you! I am at best a frail old bark, and will soon put up for repairs forever; and then she will be yours. You deserve her; and were I not so wickedly selfish, I'd give her up this minute. As it is, she will have to bear with me a little while—only a little while, and then all this elegance and wealth will be hers, and she'll make you a royal bride!"

Old Mr. Joyce dashed off the teardrops, and George, wrung his hand in piteous thankfulness, and without a word, strode straight to the Grange. He packed a valise, and the next train bore him to his uncle, Senator Rowe.

Five hours after his arrival in Philadelphia he stood in Mrs. Trevlyn's parlor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WIFE BUT NOT A WIFE.

AT Frederic Trevlyn's dinner-party one guest was absent—George Casselmaine, whose reasons were hastily written as he left the Grange, and delivered to the host by a special messenger.

An unexpected guest was present, being the wife of Andrew Joyce.

The surprise of the guests knew no bounds when they were acquainted with the fact of the sudden and secret marriage of the gray-haired owner of the Villa; and comments passed freely on her youth, beauty and grace. Her poverty and obscurity were now things of the past, hence utterly forgotten; and while as Ida Tressel she might have been ignored by the aristocratic ladies of the vicinity, as Mrs. Joyce she was flattered. Ida filled her position with exquisite dignity, and none of all the assembled guests—excepting Maude and Frederic, and it might be Helen Joyce—dreamed of the heartrending interview that had transpired an hour before her arrival at the Archery. Calm, dignified, pleasant and intelligent, she was a general favorite, and her gray-haired husband loved her better than ever.

The guests returned rather early, and among the first to retire was the family from the Grange. Maude had been quite happy all that delicious September afternoon, and she looked forward impatiently to the time when her lover would complete the interview so rudely interrupted.

She had watched him closely all that afternoon, but he had studiously avoided her, in look and deed. She admired this high-souled deficiency, and looked proudly on and worshipped silently.

When the hour came for their parting salutations, he followed her to the carriage.

"May I see you to-morrow, at twelve o'clock? I wish to have your exclusive company for awhile."

She did not see the pained expression of his noble face, or the happy blushes would not so quickly have crimsoned her cheek, or the joyful light burned in her eyes.

"Come at twelve, and I will certainly give you the favor you desire."

She threw him a kiss, and he returned a polite bow, and the footman closed the door between them.

Maude returned to her home to dream of poor George Casselmaine, of her handsome lover, of faithful Ida Tressel, and thanking God her happiness was so sure.

Poor child, she little knew what a day would bring forth!

Trevlyn re-entered the house to bid adieu to the remaining guests, and when, in quiet once more reigned over the Archery, withdrew to his room to pass his daily hour of penance and prayer.

The wedding-party were the last to depart. Mr. Joyce and Ida occupied the barouche, while the daughters were escorted by their attendants.

The ride was passed in utter silence, and even when the footman sprang to assist Ida to alight, not a word was spoken.

Ida entered the house, and ascended to her room, sick and weary.

Jeannie had arranged every thing for the night, her bridal night, and had, by Ida's express orders, retired to the servants' floor above.

Ida entered, and locked the door after her, and alone for the first time since the

hour of suspense and anguish that had left its ineffable hand on her heart, she stunk on her knees in an agony of bitterest grief, that, restrained so many hours, now burst forth in a fearful torrent.

A low rap at her door startled her, and, with a perceptible shiver, she opened it.

"Ida, still in your visiting dress?"

Her husband smiled pleasantly, and closed the door after him; then threw himself on the blue velvet lounge near the door.

"Still up and in full dress, sir. I desired to see you a few moments, and this is the most befitting costume I possess."

He gazed wonderingly at her, as she stood proudly before him.

"My beautiful wife, my peerless Ida; let me bid you twice welcome to the Villa, your home, your empire!"

He extended his hand, but she made no response.

"I thank you for the kindness you have shown me to-day, sir, and I will ever gratefully remember it. But to-night it is necessary that we come to a full understanding of our position to each other. Shall I continue?"

He gestured for her to proceed, and she began again in her low, musical tones:

"I told you, Mr. Joyce, if you persisted in marrying me, after I had repeatedly refused you, and plainly told you that my affections were bestowed upon another"—her lips trembled, but she forced back the emotion—

"that the union could bring no triumph, no victory to you. I repeat the same now; you have taken me; you have shown me to be your wife before the world. I am Mrs. Joyce to the world, I am their father's wife to your children. I am the rightful mistress of the house, and as such I will be obeyed. I ask no favors, I receive none—excepting one, which I ask not only, but demand in the name of common humanity."

"Speak, my dearest one, and your one solitary wish is granted; I promise on my word."

A sudden brightness swept over her face, irradiating every feature for a moment, then vanishing again.

"It is that you leave me, leave my room, and consider this apartment mine exclusively."

She spoke defiantly, proudly almost.

Mr. Joyce arose to his feet in wonderment.

"But, my wife, you know such a request is an unprecedented one—a—"

"Mr. Joyce," she interrupted, "unprecedented or not, I demand this privilege. You have two reasons for granting it. First your pledged word; second, that I solemnly declare, that, although I am your wife in the eyes of the world, once over the threshold of this room, I am Ida Tressel!"

For a moment they looked fully and unhesitatingly at each other, then Mr. Joyce extended his hand cordially.

"You are a noble woman, Ida. You are right, perfectly right; I am wrong, all wrong. Your wish shall be sacred. And now, dear Ida, let me wish you good-night."

Kindly as a father would kiss his daughter, her husband touched his lips to her forehead, and left her alone.

Alone with her heartache, heart anguish; and on bended knee she besought the healing of her wounded, bleeding heart.

All through the long night-hours she watched and prayed, and when the flashings in the east announced the coming day, her heavy eyes betokened her wakeful vigil.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 12.)

The Ranger's Ransom.

A STORY OF CHERRY VALLEY.

BY T. C. HARRINGTON.

"SHE is not among the dead," he said, "living? Author of my being, thou knowest."

The speaker, a young man of twenty-four, gazed for the hundredth time within the hour upon the mangled forms among the smoldering ruins of a once happy home.

There lies Johnny, his head clutched by a red demon's hatchet, and Nellie, the little cherub, with laughing eyes and golden hair, pierced by a Tory's bullet. Generous Mr. Wilson, and his kind-hearted, and Christian wife lie there on the smoldering threshold, senseless, and in the embrace of death. But Cora, where is she?

He looked toward the wood, as if expecting to see the patriot's daughter respond to his interrogation in person. But her loved form did not greet his vision, and leaning on his rifle, he again murmured his thoughts in an audible tone:

"Do I return from the patriot army to find the home where I was ever welcome reduced to ashes, four of its happy inmates dead, and the fifth, Cora—where? Yes, my heart replies; my very eyes confirm the answer. But why stand I here idle?"

He said, in a louder voice, "I must to work! The slain must be buried, revenged, and the living rescued. I wonder if Mark Hawkins, the deserter and Tory, had a hand in this diabolical deed? If he had, let him hide himself from the eyes of man, for Roger Clifton, from this day the avenger—is on his track!"

While the youth was speaking, he had found a spade, and he immediately set to work to dig graves for the dead. The sun went down, and the stars resumed their

places in the firmament before his work was finished.

At last he paused, wiped the great drops of perspiration from his brow, threw the spade aside, and picked up his rifle.

"I can do no more for the dead," he said. "Johnny slumbers on his father's bosom, Nellie on her mother's. Peaceful be their sleep, unbroken by the sounds of war. May theirs be a glorious part in the great resurrection."

He stepped forward, as if about to leave the spot, but suddenly paused.

"It will be new moon to-night, and I will remain here until it is light. Then I can find the trail of the miscreants, and follow it with success."

He stepped to a wild cherry tree, whose limbs had been scarred by the burning cabin, and seated himself at its foot.

The period of which I write was one of peril to the patriots who inhabited Cherry Valley, in New York. Those capable of bearing arms were with the patriot armies, and the women and children were consequently left defenseless. Often, at the hour of midnight, dusky forms would surround a cabin whose inmates were deep buried in calm repose. Suddenly, from full fifty throats, the war-whoop would ring out, and the torch be applied to the cabin.

The savages were not alone in these massacres, for often they were aided by Hessians and Brunswickers, the leeches of Europe's cup of miseries.

The brutal Tory, worse than these.

Witness the work of the whites in the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley! The latter, less bloody than the former, was but a repetition of it.

In the beautiful valley lived the Wilsons, blessed with plenty and happiness, until one night the wood resounded with the whoops of the red-skins and the oaths of their red-handed white companions. Mr. Wilson rose to see the door dashed from its hinges, and the butchers of the innocents swarmed into his cabin. Five minutes later the bloody work was finished. Mr. Wilson, his wife, and two children lay dead, and Cora, a peerless maiden of eighteen, was the captive of Mark Hawkins, a deserter, Tory, and renegade, who lived with his red allies.

Upon her he had centered his sensual love, and to gain her he led the Indians against the happy home, which he had the satisfaction of seeing reduced to ruins.

Roger Clifton, the patriot hunter, was the lover of Cora Wilson, and he determined to rescue her, though the act cost him his life.

At the foot of the wild cherry he waited for the light of the new moon, which at last cast a silvery radiance upon the scene of the demons' work. Then he rose to his feet, and searched for the trail of the red and white marauders.

Suddenly he paused and bent close to the ground.

"My surmises were correct," he said, rising, after scrutinizing the moccasins. "They have gone toward the Susquehanna, and Cora is undoubtedly at the Indian village on its banks. I will look again. If Mark Hawkins was with them I can tell, for he is lame!"

A second inspection of the footprints told the young hunter that Mark Hawkins had accompanied the marauders; and rising, he disappeared with rapid strides in the woods.

He did not pause until the gray streaks of day were appearing in the east. Then, knowing that it would be dangerous to pursue his journey in the light of an unobscured sun, he made his way into the middle of a thicket, where he remained till the stars resumed their places in the firmament. He was distant but four miles from the Indian village, and he approached it with caution. Reaching an elevated spot of ground, he looked down into the red-man's abode reposing quietly in the moonlight. Not a sound broke the stillness that hovered over the "town," and while a cloud obscured the Queen of Night, the hunter glided from the summit of the hill, and presently found himself in the circle of lodges.

The greatest caution was now requisite, and the daring fellow paused to decide upon the next step. He concluded that Cora was in the lodge occupied by the renegade, and thither he crawled. Once—two years prior to his present adventure—he had entered the "town" in the role of spy, and knew where the lodge of Mark Hawkins was situated.

He was succeeding admirably when, suddenly, the forms of two gigantic savages loomed up before him. Instantly he crouched in the shadow of a lodge. He heard the savages talking, and at last, to his joy, they moved away. Following the pair on his hands and knees, one of the latter members crushed a dry twig, the noise of which reached the ears of the two Indians, who turned and approached him.

Roger thought that their investigations would end before they reached the spot where he lay, and, therefore, he lay still. The Indians came on until they stood on the edge of the shadow, but six feet from the patriot hunter. The daring young man held his breath, and nerved himself to meet whatever might transpire.

For a long moment the two chiefs stood like statues on the edge of the shadow, when, with a whoop, one of them darted forward and threw himself upon the prostrate scout. The second red-man followed his companion's example, and Roger found himself a helpless prisoner in their power.

Presently other savages, awakened by the whoop, issued from the lodges and gathered around the hunter, demanding his life.

He was recognized by Mark Hawkins and several chiefs as the best scout of the patriot army, and with the recognition Roger considered his fate sealed.

"Conduct the pale-face to the strong lodge of Keovola," said Black Vulture, the sachem of the tribe, pushing back several renegades who were striving to strike the prisoner with their clenched hands. "Tomorrow he dies at the stake. Black Vulture has spoken. Warriors, obey him."

Roger's captors hurried him away toward the prison kept by a brutal savage named Keovola.

"You came to steal the gal, eh, Mr. Roger Clifton?" sneered Mark Hawkins, following the trio. "You had best stay with the cussed rebel army, as you have discovered. I'll tell you, for your benefit, that Cora is in my lodge, and she has one of two things to do—become my wife or starve!"

Roger did not reply to the renegade's taunts, and he saw the entrance closed with a sense of relief.

Upon the hard, cold ground the helpless hunter threw himself, hoping to calm his half-crazed brain by sleep. Somnolent did not keep aloof, and under the sleepless and snaky eyes of Keovola, our hero slumbered.

When the first streaks of dawn were illumining the east, Roger was roused by a blow from his red-skinned jailer, who threw a piece of jerked venison to him as though he were a dog. He had scarcely partially allayed his appetite with the insufficient supply of food, when several Indians entered the prison to conduct him to the stake.

"Will not a council be called?" asked the hunter, in a hoarse, broken voice.

"No; the white hunter goes at once to the tree," replied one of the savages.

Without further questioning, Roger permitted himself to be led from the prison, and bound to the stake in the center of the "town." He knew that it was useless to plead for mercy, for he saw Mark Hawkins carrying Black Vulture, and he knew his prayers would be received with derisive yells. After completing the operation of piling the wood around him, the Indians stepped back, and their sachem commanded the sticks to be lighted.

The command was obeyed by Mark Hawkins, who sprang forward with burning torches, and in a moment the fire was kindled.

"This is a glorious moment for me," he hissed, looking up at the hunter. "When the fire gets fairly under way, I shall bring Cora here to witness your death."

"What else could be expected of a miserable deserter?" returned Roger.

His words stung the renegade to the quick, and, springing up, he struck the hunter across the bare shoulders with the flaming torch. Roger did not flinch under the terrible pain which followed the blow, and with an oath, the Tory rejoined Black Vulture.

No clothing remained on the prisoner, save his buck-skin leggings, which, at the suggestion of his implacable enemy, the Tory, had been saturated with water, that they might burn slow and increase his suffering. The flames, favored by a western breeze, made rapid progress, and blisters soon appeared on the hunter's breast. But, not a shadow of pain swept across his countenance, and he hurled back the taunts of the savages, accompanied by the record of his deeds—the slaying of several of their chiefs.

Presently a number of Indian boys began to fire arrows into the hunter's body. These arrows were dipped into a smoldering preparation of herbs, and produced unbearable pain. While the arrows were piercing his flesh, and the savages dancing before him, the young man was not idle. He was freeing his hands and feet! Slowly he worked, yet as fast and secretly as he could. The heat of the fire was increasing every moment, and he knew that in a short time his drying leggings would offer no resistance to the flames.

After a great deal of labor the hunter freed his hands; but kept them behind him. Then he freed his feet, and looked around for an avenue of escape. There seemed none. To dart around the stake and attempt to run to the wood, would be death before he had advanced a dozen steps; and to try to break through the throng of his enemies was to court the grim monster.

The brave fellow had, but a moment, for sober thought. The fire was becoming unendurable, and the savages were preparing to dance the Dance of Death, during and at the conclusion of which he would be subject to the most horrible tortures. In a moment his plans were formed.

Among the boys who were discharging the painful arrows into his flesh, stood the son of Black Vulture. That Little Wolf was his father's only child—the hunter knew, and he had witnessed a proof of the chief's love for his offspring.

The savages were an arm's-length from the fire now.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the hunter sprang through the flames, jerked a knife from the belt of a tall warrior, caught the blade within an inch of his heart.

The Indians drew back and tomahawks and rifles were raised; but they were not thrown or discharged. Their owners looked at their sachem.

What would he do? Every thing hung

upon his words. The welfare of his tribe and the death of its chiefs at the hands of the hunter, called aloud for vengeance. But his only child, who would be sachem when he had been called to the happy hunting-grounds, was in the arms of the chief-killer, and one word to his warriors would make him childless. His warriors were waiting for that word.

The hunter spoke not; his eyes shot forth his terms. Black Vulture understood the language of the eye, yet what should he do? His brain was the receptacle for many thoughts; reverence for the demands of his tribe, and love for his child, struggled fierce and long.

Suddenly the idea of a compromise flashed across his mind: "If Black Vulture gives the pale hunter his freedom, shall his son live?" he asked. "If he also releases the white captive, yes."

"And will chief-killer swear by the Great Spirit that henceforth he will slay no red-man?"

"No!" thundered the hunter. "The spirits of my friends call for vengeance, and I will appease them."

The head of the sachem dropped upon his breast, and when he raised it after a minute's thought, he turned to his warriors. "Warriors, Little Wolf the son of your sachem, is near the trail of death. Your chief loves him, for when he has gone to keep the fires burning in the lodges of the Manitou, he must step into his moccasins. Warriors, save my child, and you a chief, I proclaim the white hunter and his maiden free. I will take chief-killer's place at the tree."

It was a striking instance of the red-man's love for his offspring. A great change was visible in the face of each warrior, and tomahawks and rifles were lowered. "Cora had not witnessed the torture of her lover, for his daring action had rooted the renegade to the spot."

Now Mark Hawkins' rage knew no bounds; he saw that he was baffled, and he determined that Cora should not fall alive into her lover's arms.

With an oath he darted from the side of Black Vulture. The sachem commanded him to halt; but he ran on. The next moment the tomahawk of Black Vulture went hissing through the air, and buried itself in the brain of the miscreant.

"Now," said the chief, turning to our hero, "the hunter and his pale-face love are free. They can go from the village of the Mohawks in peace."

While Cora was being conducted to her lover, Little Wolf was released, and he sprang into his father's outstretched arms. Roger then donned his hunting-shirt, which a warrior returned to him, and when Cora came she fainted for joy on his bosom.

Taking her hand they turned their backs on the red-men.

Many years they dwelt in Cherry Valley, and to their grandchildren often related the daring deeds that I have recorded.

Ten years after their escape Black Vulture died a natural death, and Little Wolf, then a renowned warrior, stepped into his moccasins.

Cruiser Crusoe:

OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

It might have been from a sense of gratitude for my narrow escape from death—it might be something like reaction on my mind, after so much excitement and anxiety—but, when I awoke in the morning, after a long and refreshing sleep, I felt more resigned to Providence, and in a better humor to contend with the ills and sorrows of life. Not that I abated one jot of my regrets—not that I ceased to be sorry that I had lost her—but my nerves seemed braced, my energy revived, and my whole being, as it were, renovated and restored.

There was much to be done.

My fields had to be garnered and sown again, and then it was my earnest resolve to improve the state of my gazelle pen, so as to admit of its containing a greater number of animals, in expectation of the day when I should be without gunpowder. Another idea struck me, and that was, as my young dogs grew up I would arm them with pikes and chain them, or rather fasten with a long lariat, in such a way as to frighten away such sneaking animals as wolves and hyenas.

Lions, and such like beasts, were not likely to visit this part of the island, which was without forests in which they could take shelter. But the prowling beasts to which I allude were here, there, and everywhere.

My plan of plowing up the field already indicated, was to fasten an iron spade, in a kind of slanting direction, to a good stout piece of wood; to which, with great labor, the horse and zebra were harnessed. Then seating myself on this, I urged the animals forward with the whip, until a very large space was turned up.

This was sown with the seeds of several rich natural grasses, as thickly as appeared advisable. Then a large rake was dragged over the whole much in the same way, and nature and the climate was left to do the rest.

Another idea, however, suggested itself, while engaged in this task, and that was simply enough carried out.

The properties of the cocoanut-palm have been already alluded to. Near my cave were several, which were profusely covered with ripe nuts, some trees producing more than two hundred. A number of these were collected and carried down to the valley. The stream, which ran through it, has already been alluded to. Along the banks of this a number of holes were made, and into these a holey nut was dropped.

Those who only know the nut as an excellent would marvel at its growth. In a few days after being planted, a thin lance-like shoot forces itself through a minute hole in the shell, pierces the coarse outside husk, and soon unfolds three pale-green shoots to the air. Then originating in the same soft white sponge, which now completely fills the nut, a pair of fibrous roots, pushing away the stoppers that close two holes in an opposite direction, penetrate the shell, and strike vertically into the ground.

A day or two after this, so rapid is growth in this climate, the shell and husk, which, in the last and germinating stage of the nut, are so hard that a knife will scarcely make any impression, spontaneously burst by some inner force.

Then the hardy young plant thrives apace, and needing no culture, pruning, or attention of any kind, rapidly advances to maturity. In four or five years it bears, twice as many more it lifts its head among the groves, where, waxing strong, it flourishes for nearly a century.

Such are some of the wonders of the great vegetable creation.

This somewhat laborious task executed, my steps were directed to my plantation, which was in sad disorder, and took me more than a week ere it was in order, and fully started for another crop. At length, however, all was housed, and then, listening to the dictates of my own feeling, I started on a gallop to the summer-house on the island, where my animals were all found prosperous enough.

The birds were so tame that even my absence did not frighten them. The house served them as shelter and the woods provided them with food. Having taken one long, lingering survey of the place, a secret presentiment appearing to fill my soul, that never more would my footsteps tend that way, I again crossed the lake and returned toward the cave.

The wet season had again commenced.

During this time it would be utterly impossible to feed my cattle. It was necessary, therefore, to devise some way of enabling them to earn their own living. Still I could not bear to lose them. Selecting, therefore, a spot as near to me as possible, they were both hopped, that is to say, their legs were tied in such fashion that they could not run, but still could walk about freely and crop the pleasant grass. But there was one source of satisfaction, which little struck me. The two animals were singularly attached to each other, and thus were kept together.

The young zebra, which was very tame indeed, was allowed to run loose, trusting to its instinct to keep it from straying away. This done, my duty was over, and my mind could be given to the one idea, which had never been absent from my thoughts since the first moment of the escape of the Indian girl. With this view, I had laid in a large stock of cocoanut fibers, cocoanut wood, and other things, devoting one spare hour every day to the task. Besides these things, I had cut down several straight trees, a goodly pine among the others.

What I was about to do will shortly be seen.

I had for weeks been planning a great, and, at the same time, a marvelous deed.

I was about to make a canoe, with which to attempt a voyage of discovery to that island which, it was my impression, contained the person of the fugitive from my shores. While devoting myself earnestly to those tasks which were necessary to the prolongation of my existence, my thoughts had never swerved from the one great idea of the girl I had hoped was to share my involuntary exile, and the result had been, that as she had run away from me, I would go in search of her.

But as the navigation was perilous and unknown to me, it was necessary to be provided against all contingencies. It was of importance to have food in abundance, water, and arms. Now an ordinary canoe like that which Pablia had fled with was all very well for one who knew the landmarks, and was able to go straight to a certain point, but it would not have been advisable for me to attempt any thing of the kind.

Mine was to be a kind of voyage of discovery, and therefore I required a vessel which would do service both in fair weather and foul; the former of which had always been selected by Pablia for her journeys. But while it was my fixed determination to make some kind of vessel, my mind was not quite so satisfied as to the nature of the thing to be done. My youthful studies had made me familiar, from mere boyhood, with every style of water conveyance, from Noah's ark to a Welsh coracle, including junks, prahuas, canoes, dug-outs, periguanas, sampans, and the like. But there is a great difference between knowing the shape of a thing and being able to make it.

Still it was my solemn resolve to try.

My first thoughts ran on a double canoe, which is composed of two single ones of the

same size, placed parallel to each other, three or four feet apart, and secured in their places by four or five cross-pieces of wood, curved just in the shape of a bit-stick. These are lashed to both the canoes, with the strongest sinnet, made of cocoanut fiber. A flattened arch is in this way made by the bow-like cross-pieces over the space between the canoes, upon which a board or a couple of stout poles, laid lengthwise, constitute an elevated platform, for passengers and freight, while those who are to paddle and steer sit on the body of the canoe at the sides.

A slender mast often rose from the middle of the platform, giving support to a very simple sail from matting.

But there was an objection to this plan, which was this:—to make two canoes was to undergo double labor, and if they were replaced by beams of wood, the raft would be unmanageable.

Still, no rational or feasible idea suggested itself to me. It was at last decided in my mind to leave the decision of the matter somewhat to fortune, while in the meantime I prepared such parts of a canoe as could be constructed in my cave. There were indeed many things which would have been far more useful, and the devotion of time to which would have been decidedly more rational, but my mind was made up, and nothing could move me from the contemplation of my hobby.

As my vessel was to be a sailing vessel, a mast, a rudder, a yard, and a pair of sweeps were absolute necessities, after which there came the important item of sail and rigging. "People talk of a labor of love. With me, this was the right epithet, to apply to the task which I had undertaken. I was goaded on by the sweetest of hopes, that of finding a companion to share my solitude and lighten my cares."

I worked like a slave, and often was compelled to own to myself that I had overdone it. First the pole, which had been selected for a mast, had to be rounded and smoothed, to admit of its being placed upright without toppling over, as the vessel, which I could hope to make, must be somewhat light. Still it must have strength to support a sail. My anxiety was great, as using my small ax with great caution the pole was rounded, the asperities chipped off, and the whole made to taper off gradually to the trunk.

This done, it had to be scraped, with a piece of old iron hoop, that there might not be the slightest chance of a hitch in drawing up and lowering the sail. As my ingenuity did not admit of my constructing a block, through which to pass the halyards, or rope that pulls up or lets down the sail, I was compelled to weave a kind of ring of rope, so well oiled and smoothed as to admit of the other being dragged through it. In order to give it as much of a round shape as possible, the inside was a stout piece of old rope, round which was entwined some fine twine of my own making.

This took me four days of excessive labor. In the evening, while enjoying my pipe, my fingers were diligently engaged in weaving cordage from fiber, and during the winter season the quantity which was made appeared to my mind to be very great. But it was poor stuff, as having no one to turn a handle for me it was necessary to plait it rather than twine it. There is no doubt that with assistance I could have made as good rope as could have been required, as watching the ropemakers was one of my amusements when visiting the fishing town of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, near which place, as has been already indicated, I was born.

The rudder was no easy matter. The shape was familiar to me; but how to fashion it was a mystery that I could not easily fathom. Besides, there were no iron rings and hooks to hang it by, so I determined at last to use a wide paddle, fastened in a rollock by means of some good strong cord. Had my saw been a really serviceable article, my progress would have been swifter.

To make a wide paddle and two long sweeps or oars—the former being the right name for all over a certain size, as those of a barge—it was necessary to take three distinct trees, and to fashion them out by means of my ax, leaving one end wide, and the other such as could be clasped by the hand. When they were finished, no boat-builder in Europe would have allowed them a place in his yard.

When every thing necessary to a boat itself was constructed, except the body, there remained preparations against hunger and thirst. Calabashes, gourds, and a small keg, were provided against the latter, while meat was smoked, biscuit packed, and vegetables put aside for the former purpose. When ready to depart, fruits and other necessities could be added.

At length, just as, from having nothing more to do, my spirits began to fall, the rainy season ended, and the warm sun, the clear blue sky, and the song of birds, invited me to sally forth. With what delight I did so may be well imagined. Having hastily visited my gazelles, and killed a pig or two, both for my own use and those of my animals, my preparations were made for a journey into the interior. My horse and zebra I found fat and rather shy, but a little corn and salt soon got over that.

Then they were loaded; and, armed with gun and sword, and all the tools I could carry, I sallied forth into the interior, as proud, in all probability, as Noah was when he first began to build the ark.

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MATRIMONIAL MEDITATIONS.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

To-night, on the verge of my womanhood,
I have made my vows to be his wife,
And I hope that it only may be for good,
Since it is for love—and life.

And yet there's Clarence, and Howard, and Paul—
What will they think when they hear the news?
Between them and Henry (they loved me all)
It has been quite hard to choose.

But Clarence is poor, his income is small,
I think it is only five thousand a year,
And the fashions, they say, for summer and fall,
Are expected to be very dear.

He asked for my hand only three nights ago,
Coming home from the dance at Mrs. Lavine's,
I almost loved him, yet had to say no,
And all on account of his means.

And Howard and Paul—both adorable men—
I might have loved either, but then I must part
With—
One only his hand and the other his ten
Thousands dollars a year to start with.

What is love without fortune sufficiently large?
I'd as lief live as lonely as Robinson Crusoe,
My parents oft gave me as watchword and charge,
"Look aloft, look aloft," and—"I do so."

But Henry, has come, and he's richer than all;
And this night I have promised to be his wife,
Which I wouldn't have done for a fortune small,
Since a marriage is often for life.

In three weeks we wed; after, if he
Thinks me extravagant then I'll lay go,
And in short time be made happy and free,
By judicial decree in Chicago.

The Rival Hunters.

Starlight, the Shawnee Beauty.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Does the bright-eyed hunter love Starlight?"
And the soft eyes of the beautiful Indian
maiden scanned the face of the young man
who held her little hands in his.

"Yes, the white hunter loves Starlight—
loves as he never loved before. His thoughts
night and day are of her, for she is the fair-
est being he has ever seen."

"Starlight is happy, then," said the Shaw-
nee, joyously. "Some day she will come
to the hunter's lodge and build his fires."

"I hope so, Starlight," I long to call you
mine, and when the proper time comes, I
shall.

Then a shadow crossed the maiden's face,
and with a tone of anxiety, she asked:
"But has the white hunter noticed his
bearded companion?"

"No," he answered, starting at the ques-
tion, and the tone of the dusky interrogator.
"Starlight believes that he, too, loves
her."

Again Jerome Vivian started and looked
uneasily around.

"Yes," continued Starlight, "he has oft re-
garded her with curious looks, and once he
attempted to press his loving lips to her
cheek. But Starlight fled from him like the
wild deer, and he uttered words that grated
harshly upon her ears."

"He swore?"

"Yes, he uttered the name of the pale-
face's Great Spirit, and it was followed by
a terrible word. It quickened Starlight's
steps, and she covered her ears with her
hands."

"He did all this," cried Jerome, exasper-
ated at the conduct of his companion, Duke
Black.

"Yes," answered the maiden, "Starlight
is afraid of him."

"I will talk with him when he returns,"
said the hunter; "and I am sure that he will
not act so rude again."

"Then Starlight will love the pale-face
more than ever. She will call upon the
Great Spirit to protect him, and that when
he steps upon the trail of death—when his
hair is white as snow-flakes—he will guide
him to his mighty lodge."

The hunter stooped and kissed the woman
be worshipped, and she gently drew her
hands from his and stepped back.

"Starlight must return to her father's
lodge," she said, reluctant to separate from
her lover. "When the sun has risen and set
three times she will come again."

"And I will meet Starlight here—beneath
this forest monarch, whose mighty arms
shield my cabin. Here, some day, we will
be happy, with none to molest or make us
afraid."

Starlight smiled as she anticipated the
coming happy time, and a minute later,
having received the parting kiss, was bound
through the forest like the frightened fawn.

Jerome Vivian was, as we have said, a
young man; and accompanied by Duke
Black, who was some years his senior, he
had penetrated the wilds of Ohio some
years subsequent to the daring achievements
of Daniel Boone, and assisted in the erection
of a rude cabin on the banks of the Mus-
kingum. Surprised at the boldness of the
two whites, the Shawnees gave them the
hand of friendship, and their great chiefs
often smoked the pipe of peace upon their
threshold.

By and by Jerome encountered Starlight,
the beautiful and only daughter of Walpur-
gah, an aged chieftain whose steps were slow
and tottering. Often she came to the cabin,
and he told her many things about his peo-
ple which pleased her, and drew her to him
with chords of love.

He never dreamed that his companion,
who claimed to be a misanthrope, looked
upon the maiden with eyes of love, and it is
not strange that Starlight's sudden question
startled the young man. He determined to
accept Duke regarding his rudeness to the
object of his adoration, and an hour after her
departure a good opportunity presented it-
self. Duke returned with a doe, and in ap-
parently good humor.

"Duke," cried Jerome, assuming an air of
mirthfulness, "Starlight says that you tried
to kiss her."

"A strange shade crossed Black's counte-
nance, which his partially averted face hid
from his companion.

"She did, eh?" he said.

"Well, then, I suppose I did."

"And she furthermore says that, not suc-
ceeding, you cursed her."

"Then he turned and said, sullenly:
"I would like to know what it is to you,
Jerome Vivian?"

"A great deal, Duke—and to yourself, too.
Were she to inform her people of your rude-

ness, their ire might be aroused, and there is
no telling what they might do."

This solemn vow spoke Jerome Vivian,
one cloudless night, as he stood upon the
banks of the Muskingum, covering Star-
light's hands with his.

"And hear Starlight, too, on Great Spirit,
for she swears to love her pale-face lover
until she comes to make the fires in thy
lodge, in the happy hunting-grounds of her
people."

The marriage ceremony was ended, and
Jerome took Starlight to his humble house.
There they lived till their hair was white as
spotless snow, when their souls almost si-
multaneously entered the abode of the blest.

Mourning by the entire Shawnee nation,
they were buried near the beautiful Muskin-
gum, and a few years ago their graves were
yet to be seen.

"Of course I cursed the Indian, Jerome
Vivian," grated Black, when he found him-
self within the cabin. "I heaped upon her
the contents of my dictionary. But I didn't
choose to tell you, Jerome Vivian. Ha! you
love her, and you feast yourself upon the
thought that she will be yours, some day.
We will see about that! She is mine—mine!
Has he come between me and the prize that
I would have death for? The madman! If
the Shawnee beauty has fallen into his
toils, he is the sin upon his own head, for
not even a brother shall stand between me
and mine!"

Savagely he hissed the words, but when
he rejoined Jerome he was all smiles, and in
a jesting mood.

"Yes, there he sits upon the stone. Now
is my time! A sure blow and Starlight is
mine! I will have no rival; it is his life or
mine. Old Walpurgah favors me; of that I
am sure."

Duke Black unsheathed his hunting-knife
and dropped upon his knees.

Fifty yards ahead sat Jerome, near the
door of the cabin. His arms were folded,
across his breast, and he was in a thoughtful
mood. But a few minutes since Starlight,
the Shawnee beauty, had left his side; and
from his place of concealment Duke Black
had witnessed the interview.

"Yes, I will put him out of my road for-
ever," muttered the would-be assassin, as he
moved serpent-like through the grass to-
ward Jerome. "I will easily account for his
sudden disappearance, and the Indians read-
ily accept my offer of adoption."

Such by inch Black approached the unsus-
pecting young hunter, and at last he paused
almost at his victim's very side. In his
right hand he clutched the horn handle of
the knife.

"Steady, arm," he muttered, inaudibly, as
he rested it against the giant oak, preparatory
to gliding forward another step.

The movement, though taken with great
caution, proved fatal to his murderous de-
signs. His knee struck a half-burned root,

and the noise, slight as it was, roused the
young hunter from his reverie.

Jerome looked around quickly, and, seeing
the glistering blade, he read all in the man's
attitude, and the fiendish expression of his
face. Springing to his feet he directed his
rifle at the heart of his treacherous com-
panion.

The baffled villain uttered an oath, and
covered before the threatening weapon.

"Duke," said Jerome, "perhaps I would
benefit mankind were I to fire. I dreamed
not of such conduct from you. Why
should you seek my life? Have I offended
you?"

"Not knowingly," growled Black.

"Unknowingly then?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By making love to the squaw beauty?"

"Jealous, eh, Duke Black? So the head
prompts you to stain your soul with murder.
I shall not stain mine with it. Leave this
spot at once or I will betray your act, and
the Indians will brand you. Thank your
stars that I am so lenient. The sun is setting,
and if I see your despoiled form after it has
disappeared behind my mounds, I will not
be answerable for consequences."

"I will not disobey, Jerome Vivian; for
you hold the best hand. I believe that you
have a right to kill me, and I will never for-
get your leniency. Good-by; I will never
trouble you more."

He turned and walked away with a rapid
step. He acknowledged the justice of
Jerome's command, and blessed the for-
giving heart that beat beneath his hunting-
dress.

Jerome had scarcely noted the disappear-
ance of Duke among the gathering shadows
and the trees, when a light step reached his
ears, and the next moment Starlight was at
his side.

"Starlight!" he exclaimed, in amazement,
for he could not divine what had brought
her back.

"Starlight did not go to her people," she
replied. "Among the trees she paused to
look upon her white lover. She saw the
serpent crawl upon him, and she fitted an
arrow to her bow. Then she aimed it at his
heart, and was about to fire when her lover
discovered him. Ah! white hunter, he is a
bad man! Watchmeninot has control of
him, and he would murder Starlight's
lover."

The beautiful Shawnee gazed into Je-
rome's eyes, and he folded her to his heart.

"Hear me, oh thou God of my forefathers!
Here, in thy presence, I promise to take this

beautiful maiden to wife, to love and
cherish her so long as thou sparest my life."

This solemn vow spoke Jerome Vivian,
one cloudless night, as he stood upon the
banks of the Muskingum, covering Star-
light's hands with his.

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spotless snow, when their souls almost si-
multaneously entered the abode of the blest.

Mourning by the entire Shawnee nation,
they were buried near the beautiful Muskin-
gum, and a few years ago their graves were
yet to be seen.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Panther's Spring.

"You know, fellows, I wasn't born in
Texas. I hailed from old Virginia, and lived
there till I was nearly ten years old. At
that time my father left his place near Stan-
ton, at the head of the lovely old Shenan-
doah valley; sold out all he had, house, acres,
negroes and all, and started for Texas."

How well I remember our old home in
Virginia! The fine, stately-looking house,
with a grand colonnade in front, and the
magnificent trees that shaded the lawn. Es-
pecially was there one tall butternut, that
grew over the spring, and underneath which
the little spring-house was built, through
which the clear running water flowed all the
long summer days. It seemed to tinkle
against the pebbles, like musical bells, and
often and often have I stolen out there of
nights, when I was a child, to skim the
cream from the milk-pans. I suppose it was
wrong, but you know children will steal little
things.

"Ye're right, my lad," remarked old Pete,
sagaciously. "Many and many's the time
my old mother gin me a hidin' for stealin'
the maple sugar when I was a little cuss."

"I don't doubt it, Pete, but that's got no-
thing to do with my story."

"My father, as I said, sold out and moved
to Texas. We came here soon after the first
settlers, and found we could get a nice grant
of land 'way out near the Rio Grande."

and crouched for an instant, and I was en-
abled to reach poor Tommy, who whinnied
his gratitude to me at his rescue.

"But the panther was not to be balked
of his prey so easily. He was still on another
tree, and I saw him gathering himself for a
leap into the one the pony was tied to. In-
stinctively I leaped into the saddle, without
looking up, and drawing my bowie-knife,
which was as sharp as a razor, cut the lariat
close to Tommy's head."

"The frightened pony gave a bound that
nearly unseated me, and was off in an in-
stant."

"Something made me look up ahead, and
there was our terrible foe, once more above
us, spread out on a branch beneath which I
must necessarily pass."

"Tommy saw him at the same moment,
and wheeled round sharp, rearing on his
hindlegs as he did so."

"Already half out of the saddle, from his
first bound, the second completed my discom-
fiture, and I tumbled back over Tommy's
tail, in a manner that would have been lu-
diculous, but for the terrible enemy over-
head."

"I fell on my back with an instinctive
shriek, and as I looked up, there was the grim
beast, with his glaring green eyes, right over-
head, and about to drop on me."

"How I did it I don't know, but my hand
fell on my rifle, which had shared my tumble.
Instinctively I raised it, still lying on
my back, and took the best aim I could."

"It was full time, for the panther was
trembling, and setting himself back and for-
ward, in readiness to spring, his tail lashing
from side to side as he did so."

"With a silent prayer of 'Lord have
mercy on me,' I pulled the trigger, and then
the smoke hid every thing under the tree
from my view."

"As I fired, I rolled away, and tried to
jump up, when something soft struck me,
and back I fell, with the dying panther on
top of me. He was not quite—"

"Hist!" suddenly whispered old Pete,
clutching Charley by the arm.

"We were silent in an instant."

"The old mountain man's hand was on his
rifle, as he interrupted the story, and he peered
into the night, with an eager gaze, that
seemed as if he would pierce the very black-
ness of darkness."

"There 'is again, lads!" he hurriedly
said, in a low tone, as a movement became
noticeable among our horses and pack-
mules.

"Bill Wilson suddenly started away from
the fire, which was almost dead, and stole
quietly into the darkness."

"Using Tommy as my shield, or stalking—"

"I rode steadily on for nearly an hour,
taking care to keep the irregularities of the
ground between me and the antelope, till I
had at last arrived at about a quarter of a
mile to leeward of the mottle."

"Then I reined up and dismounted."

"Using Tommy as my shield, or stalking—"

"I rode steadily on for nearly an hour,
taking care to keep the irregularities of the
ground between me and the antelope, till I
had at last arrived at about a quarter of a
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mile to leeward of the mottle."

"Then I reined up and dismounted."

"Using Tommy as my shield, or stalking—"

Beat Time's Notes.

OUR distance-defying spectacles are just
the things for people who are getting lame
in the eyes: they are warranted to read the
finest print, and never make a mistake. All
you have to do is to adjust them to the pa-
per, and you can lie down and take a nap,
while the latest news are being read. They
can see through any millstone, be the hole
large or big. They are much better than the
undressed eye, and are warranted always to
see the point.

You can see clear to the other end of the
year, and they are sure to draw Christmas so
close that it will occur early in July.
Through them you can plainly see what is
going on on the other side of a hill.

Persons with glass eyes write that they de-
rive much benefit from the use of them.
They remove dandruff, purify the blood, open
boils, and remove grease-spots. A nobody
that has them is without them. They are
made of the finest porcelain, and will last
you a lifetime, or longer if you desire it.
The price is reduced to one dollar for
one pair, three dollars for two, four dollars
for three, or twenty cents a hundred.

THE RED-HOT STOVE.

THIS stove is designed to revolutionize
not only Cuba, but the stove business in
general, from the fact that it consumes no
wood, being heated entirely by hot air—the
hot air is procured from a stove in the cellar
underneath.

Read this certificate:—
"The way in which your patent stove
cooks every thing is fine. It is very useful.
This morning I got breakfast, milked the
cows, washed up, and washed our faces,
and we would not part with it for half its
price."

In extremely hot weather the stove can be
set out in the sun, and when it gets hot
enough it will cook any thing with ease. It
has also a painted bed of coals over which
you can place your fowls, and you will find
that they will get done soon, from pure force
of imagination. This stove is as useful as a
babe in a small family. Call early and buy
cheap.

The eagle, by permission of other fowls,
has been allowed the title of king of birds.
It is a bird of Empire, as it generally cir-
cles in the broad circumference. It is very
easily distinguished from other fowls by the
everlasting shield which it bears upon its
breast, and also by its having two hands full
of arrows. It lives principally on American
coin—which accounts for said coin being so
remarkably high—and also on the United
States flag. It may be added that the great
American eagle allows no despot to tramp
on its toes, or to put salt on its tail.

JAKE.—If you desire to commit suicide,
and after taking the poison you find that
there is great danger of the operation pro-
ving too successful, send for a stomach pump;
if you can't get that, get a siphon pump, and
hire two little nigger boys by the hour to
pump; if at the expiration of several hours,
and nearly at the expiration of yourself, this
don't answer, take a violent emetic—ipecac,
boarding-house coffee, or something of that
kind. Should these fail, swallow some aqua-
fortis to kill the poison, then some alcohol
to kill the aquafortis, then some whisky to
kill the alcohol, then some gin to kill the
whisky, then some wine to kill the gin, then
some beer to kill the wine, and a piece of
lemon to take the taste out of your mouth,
and you may be sure that you'll never die
of what you first drank, and the coroner's
verdict will be the most mixed thing that you
will ever expect to see.

This is remarkable weather, and so dry
that the clouds have turned to dust; and
blown away. Every thing has dried up ex-
cept the underscribed, and he has been often
told to dry up. Water is so scarce that sa-
loon keepers are getting rich. The other day,
while I was sitting on the bank of a stream
trying to recall how much I owed other peo-
ple, and how much other people didn't owe
me, a fish rose out of a little puddle of very
dry water, and wiping the dust out of its
eyes with a handkerchief, and blowing its
nose, asked me if I knew of any shady
place in the woods where it might go and
live until the next rain. He said he hadn't
had enough water to wash his face in for a
fortnight. I think if the dry weather con-
tinues the walking will be good between
this country and England soon.

Is it not strange that Noah sent out a bird
to discover the first land after the flood, and
that G. Noah should have sent out Colum-
bus to discover the first land on the Western
Continent?

JIM says he can always tell bad eggs.
Well, may be he can; but I would like to
know what in the world it is that he tells them.

I HAVE heard, but I don't give it much
credit, that the fellow who jumped at a
chance, severely shipwrecked his ankle.

SIM SLAB writes to ask if the Isle of
Grease, of which Byron sung, was scented
with anything. He shall have no answer
sent, unless he writes again.

Sissy wants to know if the palace where
the Sleeping Beauty and the court slept their
hundred years' sleep was in Washington.
There, another little child deceived by the
repose of the National Capitol. Sissy is
wrong there; that is not the palace. The
fairie prince has not got there yet to disturb
the dreams of the nation.

SAM.—Pumpkins are a species of fruit,
noted for their magnificent magnitude.
They used to grow on trees. You recollect
the story of the philosopher who sat under a
tree when a pumpkin fell down and hit him
on the head. He couldn't see the sense in
it—not in the head—but in the idea of
pumpkins growing on a tree. He got an in-
junction in court, and ever since they have
been obliged to grow on the ground with
very little chance of falling any more. In
Connecticut the vines are so well-trained
that they bear ready-made pumpkin-pies.

HERE is the last song I heard last night:
Drizzle, drizzle star,
How I wonder how you are,
Shining on an awful high,
Like a dime within the sky,
When the bar-room door is shut, and I
And my lips with rye is wet,
Then you see I'm awful tight,
Drizzle, drizzle all the night.

Then he went into an open cellar, and I
went into my slumbers.

BECAUSE a man lives a life of longing, it
is no sign that he will live a long life.

The fastest cane with which a man can
walk is a hurry-cane.

I VENERLY believe that he who is constantly
asking questions is a questionable man.

The only difference between a flatterer of
women and a shepherd is that one is a shep-
praiser and the other a sheep-raiser.